

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN
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STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN

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Biographies and Stories of Abraham Lincoln

Stories about Lincoln Folder 1

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Grandma recalls old Abe

A few seconds
made a lasting
impression.

By MARK HAWKINS
Special to The Herald

"Why don't you put that book away?" asked my grandmother. "You won't find the real Mr. Lincoln in a book."

We were swinging together on the porch, a warm spring evening in 1924, while I was trying to do my seventh-grade history lesson.

I laughed: "Grandma, you were a Rebel. Aren't you a bit prejudiced against Lincoln?"

"No matter. But I am speaking the truth when I say he was an ordinary man."

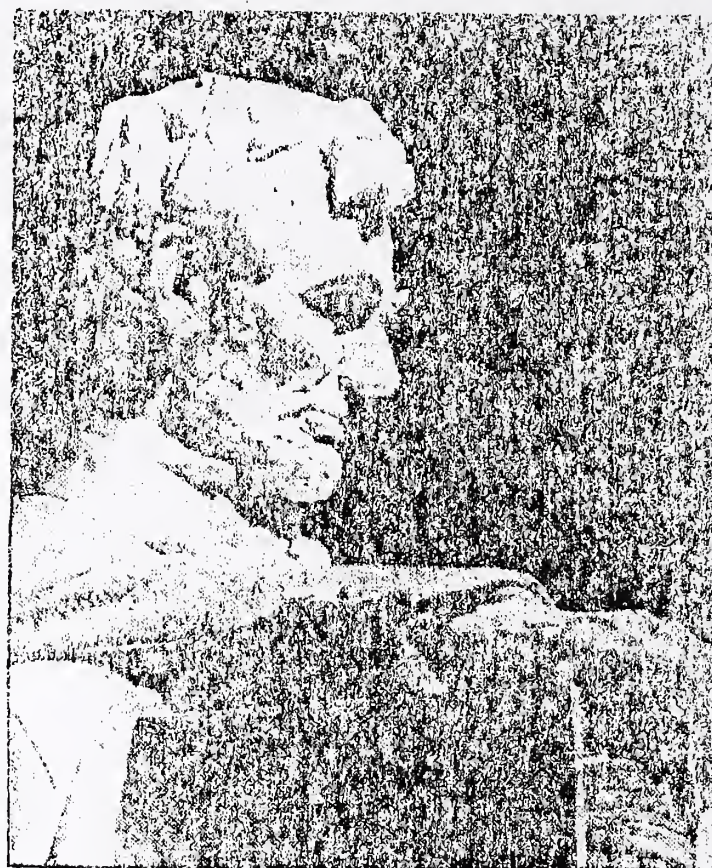
"That is very generous of you. Most of you Southerners thought he was the devil himself. But how do you know?"

"Because once I was as close to Mr. Lincoln as I am to you now."

I closed the book. "You mean, you really saw Lincoln?"

"Not only saw him, but I

Mark Hawkins, 73, is a San Francisco writer and jack-of-all-trades.



America honors its 16th president at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.

know something about him that the historians have never found out."

I smiled to myself and sank back. Grandma was an actress in the days when it wasn't respectable. She could always be counted on to tell a flamboyant story. She married my grandfather, who was a Union officer of the occupation army, and gave up the stage at the age of 20.

"I was 18. Lincoln was walking up the street in Richmond. It was right after the city had been taken by the Union forces.

A spring day much like this one. The streets were deserted as people were still hiding in the cellars. But I was bold and curious so I leaned out of our street window — it was above the sidewalk — to watch him walk by. He was followed by about half a dozen aides and or 12 colored folk.

"He must have been glad to see someone who wasn't afraid because when he got abreast of our window he stopped and taking off his hat, gave a nod."

Please turn to LINCOLN

Honest Abe an 'ordinary man' who stands alone

LINCOLN / from III

clumsy bow. He was not an arm's length away."

"Did he say anything?"

"I'm not sure. He might have mumbled: 'How do you do?' But I was so stunned by the way he looked at me that I didn't hear a thing."

"Were you scared?"

"Nonsense. Hush, child and listen. What I mean is, he really looked at me. For a long time our eyes locked. I think he was expecting me to say something. I know my lips must have moved, but no sound came out. So he stood there waiting. Not seeing what I saw in his face there was no way I could put into words what I felt."

"What did you see?"

"I saw an ordinary man. A very ordinary man. His clothes hung on his spare frame as they would on a clothes hanger. He was so rumpled that I felt children with muddy boots wouldn't think twice about climbing into his lap."

"Now I wouldn't go so far as to say he was ugly, but he was certainly homely. He had the wrinkles of a very old man. Not really wrinkles — more like furrows. I couldn't believe a man of 56 could look so old. And his body — it was not just stooped, it seemed broken."

Grandma stopped the sewing and looked off into the distance for a few seconds. Then she gave the swing a little push with her foot against the floor and went on: "But it was his eyes that I remember most. They were deep, almost lost in his face. But above all, they were sad, unbefittingly sad. And it was as if all the light had gone out of them."

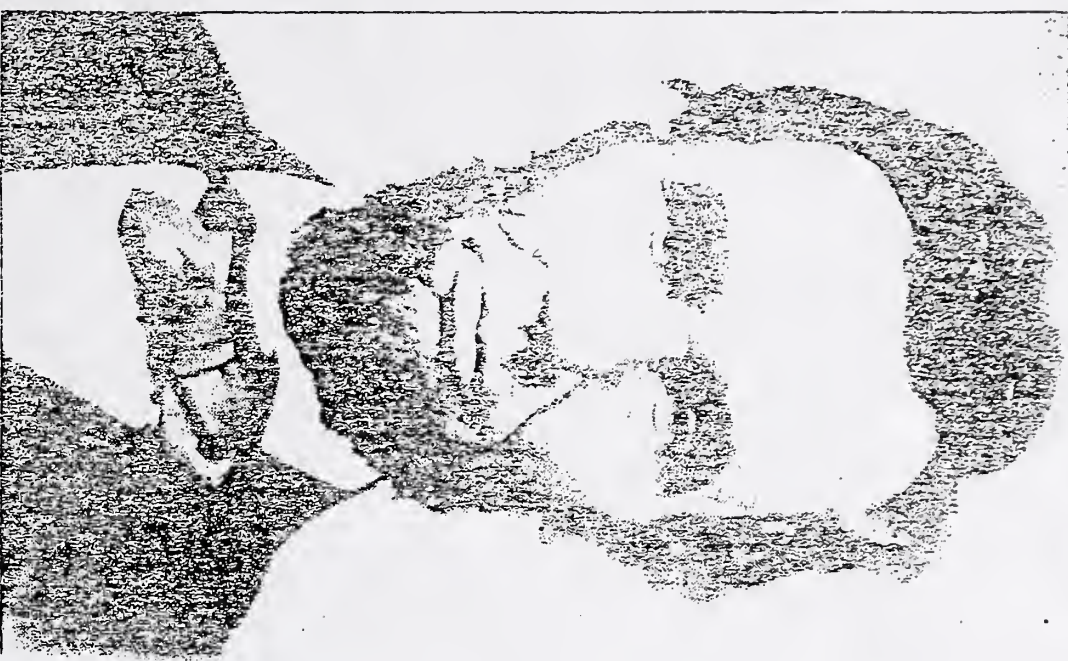
"You make it sound, Grandma, as if he were standing there for half an hour."

"It seemed a long time, but it was probably only 20 seconds. Then when he saw that no sound was coming from my lips he tipped his hat very slightly again, and pulling his shawl around his shoulder he stambled on down the street."

"Was that all?"

"Not for me it wasn't. Outrage of marrying your grandfather and having children, that was the most important thing that ever happened to me."

"Have you seen him at an ordinary man's funeral?"



"He had the wrinkles of a very old man. Not really wrinkles — more like furrows. I couldn't believe a man of 56 could look so old."

nary man was commander-in-chief in a war where half a million died. That wasn't easy for an ordinary man. Climb up the highest hill and look down on all the people and horses. They are not real, they are not humans, as Shakespeare puts it, are as easy to kill as flies to vacation boys' when you look down upon them. All the great war time leaders — Caesar, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Wellington — they were all on that hilltop watching the slaughter with the deadness of a checker

board. His war-time responsibilities were more wearing than all Hercules's mighty labors."

I was deeply moved. There was a long silence and then I asked: "But what do you know that the abolitionists don't?"

"Ah! The historians always ask: 'Why did Lincoln walk almost unphased in an enemy city when there were almost certain to be enemy snipers in dozens of houses?'"

"And you know why?"

"After I saw him I knew. He felt that if the country once heard that he had walked freely through the streets of the capital of Virginia, further fighting was now pointless. That it was time to stop the

fighting. It was a signal that the War between the States was over."

"But, Grandma, I think that was quite brave."

"He wasn't being brave. He was worn out. He didn't care if he was killed or not. He was just tired of it."

"How could you be so sure?"

"Just from looking into his eyes. And when he was really shot a few days later I wasn't surprised and I wasn't the least bit sorry for him. In fact I was a little bit glad."

"How could you possibly be glad?"

"Because he couldn't have gone on any longer. No amount of rest

could have helped him. He was 110 years old in suffering. Now he was at peace."

"And you never cried?"

"Of course I cried. I cried for myself and the country. Even now I have tears, but not for him. At the time all I could think of was what Kent said about King Lear: 'To let him pass, he leaves him; that would upon the rack of this tough world! Stretch him out longer!'"

Again we sat in the gathering dusk in silence. After a while she blew her nose softly and said: "I guess when I was trying to say to you is that I don't want you to lump Lincoln with your great men. To me, he stands alone."

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From WALL'S HISTORY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, ILLINOIS. By John A. Wall.
B. F. Bowen & Co., Indianapolis, 1909.

"One evening Lincoln in his own inimitable way, told a story on himself that sent the hearty laugh around the room. He said: "When the state capital was moved from Vandalia to Springfield, I followed it up to try to make a living at the law, because legal business was very scarce in those days. I soon got into a case that led me to attend court at Taylorville, I had no horse, so I ordered the old rockaway stage coach to call for me next morning. Meantime I greased my boots, put on my new jean pants and stove-pipe hat and 'spruced up' generally--looking as much like a lawyer as I could. When the cab came, it was full and I had to take a seat with the driver on top and in front. After we had set sail, it being a nice breezy morning, the driver reached down in the box and drew forth a raw twist of tobacco and after helping himself, offered it to me with 'take a chaw, mister?' I thanked him, I did not chew. After saturating a mouthful of the stuff he puffed it out against the wind, causing it to come back over my hat, pants and boots--utterly destroying my handsome appearance, but this did not disturb him. He then reached down again and brought forth a flash of red-eye and after treating himself, offered it to me. Again I thanked him, I did not drink. This seemed to confuse him and giving me a queer look with his cock-eye, said: 'Mister, do you know what I think of your fellers who aint got no small vices?' 'No'; said I. Then with a glance of disdain, he drawled out, 'I think you make up in big ones what you lack in little ones; and I can tell by the cut of your jib that you are bad after the wimmen.'" The dry manner in which he told the story added zest to it and the great man, being a perfect Joseph along the line alluded to, also made it seem ludicrous."

A story is told of President Lincoln which shows what he thought of "full dress." One night Mrs. Lincoln swept into the library as the President stood with his back to the fire, warming his long frame. Her dress was long at one end and low at the other. "Whew," said old Abe, "what a long tail our cat has to-night." Mrs. Lincoln made no answer and paid no attention to him. He stood some time with his eyes studying the floor, and then said, softly: "Mother, don't you think it would be better if some of our cat's tail was around her neck?"



Gift Rap

*P*RESIDENT EISENHOWER once walked into Tiffany's to buy a present for his wife, Mamie. After selecting a gift, he asked Walter Hoving, who was then chairman of the company, "Does the President of the United States get a discount from Tiffany's?"

Hoving considered the matter briefly before answering, "Well, sir, we didn't give a discount to Abraham Lincoln."

Incident shaped Lincoln's future

by Art Wells

Author's note: This is an authentic story about Abraham Lincoln. My home has been in Decatur, Ill., and I have been on the Lincoln homesite many times.

The great, great, great granddaughter of Sheriff Warnick is a very personal friend of mine. Her name is Florence Scott White. She still lives in Decatur.

If we should ask the question to all peoples all over the world, "Who is one of the greatest Americans of all times?" I'm sure the name of Abraham Lincoln would have to be at the top of the list.

A man with the most humble beginning and who achieved the greatest results for the equality of mankind, Abraham Lincoln is among the greatest of all.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky and lived there during his childhood years. In hopes of a better life the family moved to southern Indiana. Then during his 20th year in an oxen-pulled wagon with 13 relatives and friends, the Lincolns moved to central Illinois.

Uncle John Hanks convinced Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, to move on to the land of milk and honey, which was along the Sagamon River just west of Decatur, Ill. The family built some log houses and broke ground for raising crops. There was an adequate supply of wild game for food. But all did not go well.

This was the winter of the deep snows. Food supplies dwindled. Conditions seemed to go from bad to worse.

Some interesting things happened to young Lincoln during that year. While crossing the swollen frozen Sangamon River the ice gave way and Lincoln fell into the cold water up to his knees. By the time he could get to the nearest house his feet were badly frost bitten. In those days the remedy for such a calamity was to stay in bed for a week or two. This Abraham did at the home of Sheriff William Warnick.

The sheriff had the only set of law books in the county, and as Lincoln whiled away the time with his tingling feet he became interested in those books. This was Lincoln's first indoctrination with the law. **Had he not had this opportunity to scan the legal books, he might have never become interested in the legal world.**

There is still another interesting sidelight to this visit at the Warnick home.

The Sheriff had a lovely daughter by the name of Polly. Lincoln tried to win her affections but she had little interest in a tall gangly youth with an Indiana accent.

When the weather cleared in the spring, the Lincoln family broke up the home.

The parents left for a new home in another part of the state. Lincoln got a job with an itinerate salesman by the name

of Dennis Offutt, and he handled a barge that floated down the Mississippi River.

This is one of those little known stories about great people.

No Reply -

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no way by which he can protect himself unless he can keep his goods all the time under lock and key." None of us would like to be labeled in the mind of another as a thief. Be as honest about little things as large things.—*The Comrade*.

AS QUICK AS A TELEPHONE

ONE night a well-known citizen, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started downtown for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past, when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for Papa to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife or child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that, in changing his coat, he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the walls. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and, as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say:

"God bless Mamma, Papa, and my own self. God—bless Papa—and please send him home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with Papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?"—*The British Evangelist*.

HOW LINCOLN HELPED JULIA

"Is Uncle Abe going to visit us soon?" asked Julia. Julia lived in a little town in New York State. She lived with her father and her mother and her brothers in a real, old-fashioned, homey home, where guests like to come. One of the guests who liked to come was the great Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

"Yes, indeed, Julia," said her father, "Uncle Abe will be here next week." Little Julia was always very happy when President Lincoln came. She liked to sit on his lap and talk to him. She called him "Uncle Abe," and he often called her "sissie," though her right name was Julia.

One day, during the President's visit, Julia was counting the money in her missionary box. Mr. Lincoln watched her for a moment, and then asked, "What are you doing over there?"

"I'm counting my missionary money, Uncle Abe," replied Julia.

Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket and pulled out something and held it toward Julia. Julia drew back her box.

"Oh, no, I can't take that, Uncle Abe!" she said earnestly. "I have to earn all the money I put in this box."

The next day, when he was ready to start for the train, he said to Julia: "I wonder if you wouldn't walk down to the depot with me, Julia?"

As they started down the street together, Abraham Lincoln shifted his valise to the other hand. It was an old-fashioned valise with two handles.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that you could help me carry my valise? It's pretty heavy."

Julia took hold of one of the handles, and they carried it between them all the way to the depot, talking gaily as they went. At the depot the President took the valise, and pulled a shining coin out of his pocket, holding it out to the little girl.

"There, Julia," he said, "now you've earned your missionary money."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Abe!"

And then he went away on the train, and Julia ran home with the shining coin clutched tight in her hand. She thought it was the very brightest penny she had ever seen, and she hurried to put it into the missionary box where it would be safe and sound.

The next Sunday, at Sunday School the missionary boxes were opened.

"How much money did you have in your missionary box, Julia?" asked the teacher.

"Eighty-two cents," answered Julia.

"Are you sure that was all you had? Where did this come from?"

Julia saw the bright penny that the President had given her.

"Oh, that's the money Uncle Abe gave me!" she answered eagerly. "I earned it helping him carry his valise."

The shining coin was a five dollar gold piece, and this is a true story of how Abraham Lincoln helped a little girl to earn her missionary money.—*The Young Soldier*.

Lincoln's Wit and Wisdom

By C. L. Cheever

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LINCOLN'S life is filled with little incidents that show his affection for children. It is this part of his noble nature that made him so full of sympathy and tenderness. From the days when he rocked the babies to sleep in the humble log cabins of his acquaintances, to the days when he romped with his own children in the White House, his regard for children was ever noticeable. All his early pictures show him beardless; all his pictures after his election show him wearing a beard. That beard was due to the suggestion of a little girl in New York state; having seen and heard Mr. Lincoln in the days before the war, when he was traveling and speaking in the East, she thought a beard would greatly improve his looks, and wrote and told him so. He took the hint kindly, as he always did, and when on his way to the White House as president, his train stopped at the village where Grace lived. He asked if Grace were in the throng at the depot. She was, of course. She came forward and Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, Grace; you see that I have let my whiskers grow for you." Then he took her hands, bent down and kissed her.

A Good Little Boy's Reward

One day, a little boy of twelve slipped into the president's room, unnoticed, in the crowd of senators, and representatives, generals and politicians, who were crowding for an audience. But the president noticed him.



"Who is this little boy?" he asked pleasantly. There was not a person in the room who could tell; but the boy, plucking up courage, said he was "a good little boy" who had come to Wash-

ington to get a situation as page in the House of Representatives. The bothered president, his mind full of important affairs, told the little fellow, kindly, that the president did not appoint pages, but that he must see the head doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. The boy, however, did not intend to let go of the president, who, as he supposed, was head of everything. He again told the president that he was a good boy; and in proof, he drew from his pocket a recommendation, signed by his pastor and the leading men of his town; he told the president, too, that his mother was a widow and that the appointment would be a great help to her. Then Mr. Lincoln, smiling down at the little fellow, took the applicant's letter of recommendation and wrote on the back of it: "If Captain Goodnow (the head doorkeeper) can give this 'good little boy' a place he will oblige A. Lincoln." The boy got the place.

The Boy Who Could Not Withstand Temptation

Once, a country boy, who had come to Boston to begin the world, could not withstand temptation, stole money from the letters that he took to or from the post-office, he was found out, arrested and sent to prison. But some tender-hearted people interested themselves in the boy and applied for a pardon, believing that if he had another chance he would be a better boy. The pardon was presented to the president, who, in the funny way he had, said if the petition were true, it would seem as if there were not many such boys as this one, outside the Sunday-school. Then, growing serious, he asked the boy's father what would be done if the boy were released. The father replied that the boy had had quite enough of the city, and would gladly go back to the farm. At once, the president signed the pardon, and the boy was set free.

to die, he can look me in the face and say, 'I have kept my promise, I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you promise?"

Utterly broken down by the kindness and seriousness of the president, Scott promised; he was released, sent back to his regiment, and died, months after, fighting bravely in battle, where almost his last words were: "Boys, I've tried to do the right thing. If any of you get the chance, tell the president I have tried to be a good soldier, and true to the flag, and tell him I think of his kind face and thank him again that he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle and not like a coward, by the hands of my comrades."

Lincoln Could Get Mad

Because of his charity Lincoln was absolutely without hatred. And yet he could "get mad," even as Washington could, under certain circumstances. He could not endure an insult to a friend. One of the few times he was known to be really angry after he was in the White House, was when certain officious persons came to him with an evil report against one of his nearest friends.



As the president listened silently, his face flushed. Then he took the paper. "Is this mine, to do with as I please?" he asked. "Certainly, Mr. President," replied one of the delegation. Lincoln walked to the fireplace and dropped the paper in the fire. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "I could not trust myself to reply in words," the president said afterward, "I was so angry. It was an unjust attack upon my dearest friend."

Hated Profanity

At another time, a person, strongly recommended, swore twice in the course of an interview. When he did so the second time, the president opened the door. "I thought the senator had sent me a gentleman," he said. "I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir. Good evening!"

No Nail to Hang His Hat on

As Mr. Lincoln rose to deliver his inaugural address there was a moment of embarrassment. He held a gold-headed cane in one hand and his printed speech in the other. When he took off his new high hat, he did not know what to do with it. He is said to have remarked in his droll way, as he looked up at the marble columns of the Capitol, "I don't see any nail on those columns to hang this on." Just then Stephen A. Douglas, for so many years his rival, stepped forward and took the hat, as he remarked with a smile, "If I can't be President, at least I can hold his hat."



In one of his speeches, before he was elected President, Lincoln paid this tribute to his adversary: "Twenty-two years ago," he said, "Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then, he a trifle younger than I (four years). Even then we were both ambitious—I perhaps quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation and is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached, I would rather stand upon that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever decked a monarch's brow. The Judge means to keep me down—not put me down—for I have never been up." In this tribute Lincoln showed in his own nature a modesty for which the world has always loved him.

Preferred to Err on the Side of Mercy

Defeat could not subdue Lincoln; impatience could not move him; criticism could not turn him from his purpose. He saw what was to be done and stood upright and sturdy in the path he had marked out, fighting gallantly to the end. But distress in others affected him. He could be stern if need be, though always just; but if he ever wavered at all, it was when some poor fellow's life was in danger.



"Go away, Swett," he said to an old friend, who called on him in the White House. "Tomorrow is butcher-day. I must go through these papers and see if I cannot find some excuse to let these poor fellows off;" and the tender-hearted president turned to the pile of papers which were the death warrants of soldiers who had failed in their duty; not because he wished to shirk the evidence, but to find one single loophole that would give them any chance for life through pardon. "The man must not be shot," cried the friend of a recreant soldier, whom Stanton, the just, but stern war-secretary would not pardon. "Well," said the president, "I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen," and the pardon was granted.

The Sleeping Sentinel

The story of William Scott, "the sleeping sentry," is one of the best known among all these tales of Lincoln's sympathy. William Scott had marched all day and then volunteered to stand as sentry, at night, in place of a sick comrade. He was found asleep on his post. He was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. Friends tried to save his life and went to Mr. Lincoln with the story. He heard it and made up his mind to save the boy's life. He was afraid to trust another with the message and went himself to see the prisoner, who was under guard at Washington. Lincoln entered the tent where Scott was confined, talked with him of his home on the Vermont farm, his school and his mother. Then he said: "My boy, look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. How are you going to pay me?"

Young Scott was overjoyed, but worried. He did not know how he could pay Mr. Lincoln. A president would need a big fee, he thought. And when, finally, he said he thought the boys would club together, and perhaps they could raise five or six hundred dollars, the great president put his hands on the lad's shoulders and said: "My boy, my bill is a large one. Your friends cannot pay it. There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If, from this day, William Scott does his duty, so that if I were there when he comes

Touching Farewell to His Friends

When the time drew near for Mr. Lincoln to go East and take up his duties as President, a special train had been provided to take the new president and party to Washington. It was on the morning of February 11, 1861 and it was raining heavily. Two or three hundred people had gathered at the little Springfield station. Just as the train was starting, Mr. Lincoln asked the conductor to wait a moment. He turned toward the people, removed his tall hat, paused for several seconds until he could control his emotions, and then slowly and with deep feeling gave them this simple farewell:

"No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. All the strange checkered past seems to crowd upon my mind. I now leave, not knowing when or whether



ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

An old friend, who stood with bared head in the pouring rain while these words were spoken, has described the scene for us: "We have heard Mr. Lincoln speak upon a hundred different occasions, but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted, and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief."

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.—A few days after the publication of the President's Message and Proclamation, the fact of its promulgation having been made known to the rebel pickets, they manifested great curiosity to hear it; and one of our men consenting to read it to them, quite a party collected on the opposite bank to listen. While it was reading, the utmost silence and attention were preserved by the listening rebels, and after it was finished one of them called out: "Well, that sounds about right. We'll go back to camp and tell the boys about it." Papers are frequently exchanged by the pickets, but the rebels tell our men that their officers do not like them to get our papers of late as "there is nothing encouraging in them."

Franklin March 2 p 23

When he was running for Congress, Lincoln asked a constituent if he would vote for him. He was told: "I admire your head, Mr. Lincoln, but damn your heart."

"Mr. Voter," Lincoln countered, "I admire your candor, but damn your manners!"

Lincoln was a devout man. He once explained his faith in religion this way: "When I gaze at the stars I feel that I am looking at the face of God. I can see how it might be possible for a man to look upon the earth and be an atheist, but I cannot conceive how he could look up into the heavens and say there is no God."

He enjoyed preachers who went in for histrionics during their sermons. He said: "I don't like to hear cut-and-dried sermons. When I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees."

When Lincoln was practicing law he joined a group of attorneys seated near a fireplace in a tavern. He warmed his hands over the fire and commented: "It is a very cold night. Colder than hell."

Whereupon one of the lawyers asked: "You've been there?"

"Yes," he snapped, "and the funny thing is that it's much like it is here—all lawyers are nearest the fire!"

Lincoln's favorite yarn concerned the two Quakers who were discussing the war. One opined that Jefferson Davis would win because "he is a praying man." The other then asserted that Lincoln was also a praying man . . . "I know," said the first Quaker,

"While he served in Congress, Lincoln vigorously opposed European militarists who incited wars of aggression. He said that the excuses of the aggressors reminded him of a farmer who said: 'I ain't greedy about land. I only want what adjoins mine!'"

A General once sent him this message: "President Abraham Lincoln, Washington, D. C.: We have captured six cows. What shall we do with them? George B. McClellan."

His reply: "George B. McClellan, Army of the Potomac: As to the six cows captured—milk them. A. Lincoln."

When a Congressional committee attacked his conduct of the war, Lincoln refused to answer them. He later explained why: "I shall not try to read, much less answer, all the criticisms of me and my associates. Else this office might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can—and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten thousand angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Lincoln didn't want to go to the theater on that fatal night. The play was "Our American Cousin" and he had seen it once before. Besides, he was tired and wanted to go to bed early . . . But Mrs. Lincoln insisted she wanted to see the show and he gave in.

When they were leaving for the theater he jokingly said: "I'll go, Mary, but if I don't go down in history as the martyr President, I miss my guess."

WALTER WINCHELL is heard Sundays at 8 p.m. on WOWO.

WALTER WINCHELL

Reporter Tells Little Known Stories About Abe Lincoln

Americans have read and enjoyed many Lincoln yarns. But here are bits of Lincolniana that aren't familiar to most: He was the target for many vicious journalistic attacks. His reply to such belittlers: "I'm like the traveler on the frontier who was lost in a wild country on a pitch-black night. A terrific storm was raging, yet, though he was buffeted by wind and rain, the glare of the lightning alone showed him the way. After one crashing thunderbolt the traveler dropped to his knees. 'Oh, Lord!' he prayed. 'If it's all the same to You, give us a little more light and a good deal less noise.'"

He once visited a friend in a hospital and noticed he was reading an anti-Lincoln gazette. "If you can read and digest the contents of this newspaper," he quipped, "I think you will surely get well!"

When a reporter informed Lincoln he was assigned to cover a Democratic convention, the President asked him to send several letters about the event. The newspaperman asked what points he should emphasize.

"I want the interesting stories," said Mr. Lincoln. "I mean the stories you would talk about—but wouldn't print!"

A Cabinet member once asked him why he didn't write an open letter to the public answering Horace Greeley's attacks . . . Lincoln wisely pointed out: "Mr. Greeley owns a daily newspaper, a very widely circulated and influential one. I have no newspaper. The press of the country would print my letter and so would Mr. Greeley's newspaper. But in a little while the public would forget all about it, and then Mr. Greeley would begin to prove from my own letter that he was right, and I, of course, would be helpless to reply."

"but the Lord will think Abraham is only joking."

When Lincoln was running for Congress his opponent was a preacher named Peter Cartwright . . . Lincoln went to watch him deliver a sermon. He concluded his preaching with: "All those who want to get to Heaven will rise" . . . Everybody stood up except Lincoln. Cartwright asked why he had remained in his seat.

"Because I am going to Congress!"

When a conceited politico passed away, Lincoln was informed that his funeral attracted a large crowd. To which he said: "If that politician had known how big a funeral he would have had—he would have died years ago!"

Here is an example of Lincoln's deluxe diplomacy: Two rival hatters once presented him with hats each had made. After the presentation both stood back and expectantly awaited his comment.

Lincoln looked over the two hats very carefully and remarked: "Gentlemen, they mutually excel each other!"

Lincoln disliked the rigid legalists who haggled over petty details in the law. He said they reminded him of a judge who would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street—but would quash the indictment, if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with!

Lincoln loathed snobs. When he came across one of them bragging about his ancestors being born in America, he was reminded of a patriotic foreign-born American who said: "I wanted to be born in America—but my mother wouldn't let me!"

VETS DUST OFF MEMORIES; 'ABE TOLD ME THIS'

Old and New Lincoln Stories Blossom Again for a Day.

UNCLE BARNETT BROWN, 89 years old and not as spry as he used to be, chuckled today in San Francisco as he recalled to friends the time Abraham Lincoln hauled him from a mud puddle.

"I was a bit younger than Mr. Lincoln's son Tad," he said. "Tad and I were companions—that was after we moved to Springfield and rented a house near the Lincoln home.

"One day Mr. Lincoln and a friend were passing down the street. He stopped and pointed and said, 'What's that?'

"I had fallen into a mud puddle while going to church.

"Mr. Lincoln studied me closely, smiled and then said he was certain I was not a pig, even if he had thought so at first. He said pigs couldn't climb trees and pilfer apples. He took me home, gave me a bath and an old suit of Tad's."

RECOLLECTIONS of Abraham Lincoln's debate with Stephen A. Douglas at Quincy, Ill., in August, 1857, were narrated today by Former Senator Webb M. Ruby, who said he laughed at first sight of the tall, gaunt rail splitter.

"But he was a real humorist and every sentence provoked an outburst," Ruby said. "As I recall, he was dignified, exact and serious. He was in dead earnest and I wonder now how he stood the guying of his opponent. When his turn to speak came he answered certain charges by saying:

"It has been charged as a matter of grave concern that I once kept a saloon. I have no apologies to make, as, when engaged in this business, my distinguished opponent was on the other side of the counter."

MEMORIES of the civil war, when he was assigned to build a private railroad car for President Lincoln, were recalled at San Diego, Cal., today by James T. Barkley, 90-year-old veteran.

"In December, 1863, I was detailed on recommendation of Gen. McCallum, by Gen. Thomas Holt, to build a new car for the president," said Barkley. Assisted by a civilian and an enlisted mechanic, Barkley said he went to work in a room in the government shops at Alexandria, Va.

"Lincoln would visit us two or three times a month during construction," said Barkley. "Sitting on a saw-horse he would suggest changes. There were many suggestions. In the rear of the car was a conference room. In the middle were Lincoln's quarters; in the front was a wash room. The car was upholstered in red plush. The work was finished the third week in May."

Eleven months later, Barkley said, the car, heavily draped and bearing Lincoln's body in a sealed casket, moved out of Washington for Illinois

LOWDEN TELLS WHY LINCOLN'S WORDS SURVIVE

Talked Principles and Not Policies.

BY E. O. PHILLIPS.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 12.—[Special.]—Gov. Frank O. Lowden is now the most formidable contender for the votes of the Michigan delegates to the Chicago convention next June. He spoke tonight in Grand Rapids before 3,000 Republicans at the Lincoln's birthday celebration. When he had finished a day of significant political conferences the Lowden leaders in Michigan, for the first time, went behind the forecast that the Illinois governor can win the Michigan delegation at the direct primaries of May 5.

Gov. and Mrs. Lowden, who, for the first time, has joined the governor on a speaking expedition, arrived in Grand Rapids early in the afternoon. Following a luncheon more than 500 representative Republicans of Michigan, coming from all factions and interests, called upon the governor. Tonight his address on "Lincoln and the Constitution," was regarded one of the most important declarations he has made since he became a national political factor.

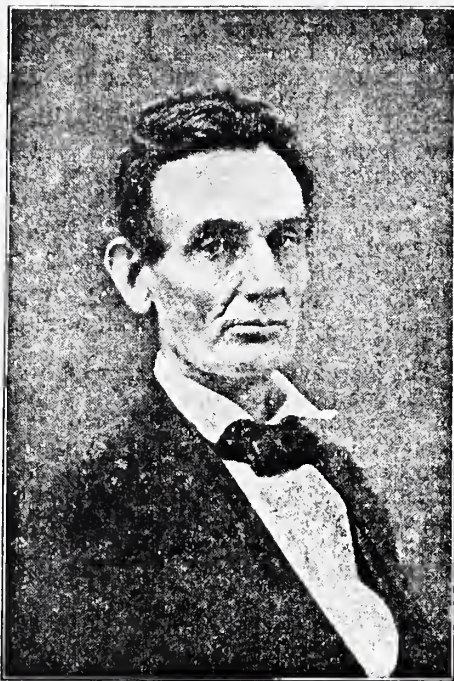
Lowden "the Best Bet."

The net result, politically, of recent developments in Michigan politics, according to conservative leaders, is that Gov. Lowden is the best bet for the Republicans at the presidential preference primary.

"Principles rather than policies appealed to Abraham Lincoln," said Gov. Lowden in his address tonight. "All great questions seemed to him to involve some moral quality. It was his habit, therefore, to resolve them into their simple fundamentals. It thus happens that many of his words are as apt and forceful today as when they were first spoken by him.

Morality Leads to Wisdom.

"It was this moral grandeur to which Lincoln attained that made him the wisest of all men. For, after all, wisdom is largely a product of character. Men may be intellectually brilliant, indeed brilliant beyond compare, and yet be utterly lacking in wisdom. Where other men had views, Lincoln had convictions. Convictions come from the heart and not from the brain. And so if there is a question of human liberty, of human rights, one may turn to Lincoln for an answer without inquiring as to the particular year in which he wrote. There is a perfect harmony running through all his utterances."



Some Stories About Lincoln

NUMEROUS biographies and more numerous magazine articles have made it possible for the young American of to-day to have the privilege of knowing in an intimate and almost a personal way the man Lincoln. We read of his kindly humor, his tender thoughtfulness and sympathy with all suffering and distress, his wonderful understanding of human nature, his unwavering honesty, and his sincere reverence and trust in God.

One who knew him well speaks of his attitude toward women and children. "He never passed a child without a smile and a touch that seemed a benediction." In his attitude toward women he was a gentleman of the old school, and his courtly manners would put to shame much of the easy-going indifference of the men of to-day. His courtesy, because it was the outgrowth of a natural kindness of heart and consideration for others, was unfailing. His affection for his own children was boundless, and his sorrow for the two who died in childhood was keen.

ONE story of Lincoln that we love to read tells how, during a public reception in the White House, two or three little girls, rather unkempt in appearance, managed to smuggle themselves in with the crowd. However, on entering the reception room they were overcome with shyness and turned to leave. President Lincoln, from his great height, saw them and called to know if they were going to leave without speaking to him!

SHORTLY after Mr. Lincoln's election as president he was in Chicago, where a public reception was held at one of the hotels. A father took with him to the reception his son, who was very anxious to see the president-elect. As soon as the child entered the room, to the surprise of his father, as well as the other guests, he took off his hat and cried enthusiastically, "Hurrah for Lincoln!" Mr. Lincoln shook hands with the boy, and laughing heartily, said, "Hurrah for you!"

ONE day, while on his way to the office, Mr. Lincoln saw a little girl standing in front of a house and crying bitterly. With his usual kindness he stopped and asked the cause of her tears. She was to have gone that morning on the train to visit a little friend in a nearby town, and the expressman had not come for her trunk. It was to be her first ride on the railroad train, and her heart was broken! "Where's the trunk?" asked Mr. Lincoln. She pointed to the door of her home which Mr. Lincoln entered, and with the mother's permission, picked up the little trunk on his strong shoulders, and bidding the child "Come along", carried it to the station, where he placed the happiest child in Illinois on the train, and went on to his office.

LINCOLN was very fond of animals, and one story tells of a trip that he made, in company with a group of lawyers, through a sparsely settled section of Illinois. On the way they encountered a very fat and very much distressed pig, which had waded in a miry slough and was stuck in the mud. The more it struggled the deeper it sank. Mr. Lincoln had on a new suit of clothes, and, of course, did not like to get them spoiled, so he went on. But he could not get the poor pig out of his mind, so he went back and helped it out of the mud, although, in doing so, he soiled his new clothes badly.

IN THE days when Lincoln occupied the White House, the yard of a primary and intermediate school adjoined the rear of the White House grounds. Occasionally President Lincoln might be seen leaning on the fence which separated the grounds, watching the boys at play.

One day, one of the teachers, after giving the boys a talk on personal neatness, requested them to make a special effort the next day to come to school with hair neatly combed, clothes brushed, hands carefully washed, and otherwise to present as neat an appearance as possible. She particularly asked that each boy have his shoes blacked.

All the boys endeavored to do as she requested. Among them was a one-armed little chap, John S. John came to school with his shoes shining brightly, but he had shined them with stove blacking. It was the only kind in the house, and as John was only nine years old, it probably made little difference to him what he used so long as his shoes were blacked. That is, it made little difference until the boys began to jeer and ridicule him.

The boys were having a fine time, and poor John, who was a sensitive little fellow, was on the verge of tears when suddenly the jeering ceased. Leaning on the fence watching the boys and listening to their jibes was the President.

Lincoln said not a word to the boys, but in his deliberate manner, walked through the yard into the schoolhouse. From the teacher he learned that John's father had been killed in the war and that John's mother had hard work to make a living for herself and three children. He also learned that John was a manly little fellow, thoughtful of others, and eager to help, so far as he was able.

The next day when John came to school he presented quite a transformed appearance. He wore a new suit of clothes, and, also, a new pair of shoes, which had been blacked with the proper blacking. The boys, surmising that the President had had something to do with the change in John's appearance, crowded around him eager to know what had happened. John, duly impressed with his momentary importance, told the boys that President Lincoln and his wife and another lady had called at his home the afternoon before. Leaving the two ladies, the President had taken John to a clothing store and had bought him

two suits of clothes and a pair of shoes. While they were gone the ladies had made some inquiries of John's mother, and later in the afternoon Mrs. Lincoln had sent clothing for his two sisters. Still later in the afternoon a supply of groceries and a ton of coal had come, sent by the President.

As soon as John could get away from the boys he hurried into the school room and handed the teacher a slip of paper which Mr. Lincoln had asked him to give to her, with the request that she have the words written thereon placed on the blackboard where all might see them. On the paper Mr. Lincoln had written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

When Mr. Lincoln next visited the school, although several weeks had elapsed, the verse was still there. Mr. Lincoln read the words, then turning to the boys, he said, "Boys, I have another quotation from the Bible, and I hope you will learn it and come to know its truth as I have known and felt it." Then he walked to the blackboard, picked up a piece of crayon, and just below the other words, wrote, "It is more blessed to give than to receive. A. Lincoln."

The boys had learned to respect and love the President, and this incident made a deep impression upon them.

He Was Ever Explaining

The impression, however, that Lincoln was a mere story-teller, a raconteur, a lawyer who practiced by his wits, is inaccurate. He was fundamentally serious and a man of dignity: he was not given to uncouth familiarities. Men referred to him affectionately as "Honest Abe" or "Old Abe," but they addressed him always as "Mr. Lincoln." His humor, never peccant, was close to his brooding melancholy, and saved every situation in a life he knew so profoundly as to feel its tragedy and its tears. It was not for his stories that men loved him: it was for his kindness, his simplicity, his utter lack of self-consciousness. Of course there was the mysterious influence of his personality, and the fascination of a nature that seemed complex only because, in the midst of many complexities, it was, after all, so simple. All his life long he strove to make things clear, and to men, to juries, to statesmen, diplomats, and whole peoples he was ever explaining, and he told his stories to help this purpose. Thus he drew interested groups about him, on the public square, in the court room, in the tavern.

The taverns were dreadful places by all accounts, with cooking bad enough to make any man melancholy, but Lincoln was the last to complain of the inconveniences. He liked the life, with its roving, careless freedom and its comradeship. They all sat at table together—lawyers, jurymen, litigants, witnesses, even prisoners, if they had friends who could get them out on bail; and Lincoln liked the foot of the table as well as the head, where the huge Davis presided. He would sleep two in a bed or eight in a room, and in the evenings he would sit with them all in a Bohemian sociability, though now and then, when his melancholy was upon him, he would slip away, perhaps to pore over problems in Euclid in order to learn the meaning of "demonstrate," or to study German, or to attend some little magic lantern show given for the children—pathetic evidence of his restricted opportunities, for it was his destiny to be fond of the theater.

But he was not always mild, he was not always funny. He could be terrible when aroused, and nothing so aroused him as injustice or untruth. He was dreadful in cross-examination, as many of the stories show. . . . "If I can clean this case of technicalities," he once remarked to Herndon, "and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it." And, surely, no one could swing cases to juries better than he. He had, in the first place, an extraordinarily sympathetic and profound knowledge of human nature. Part of this was intuitive, some inexplicable element of the al-

most feminine gentleness that was in him. Part of it came from his wide experience with almost primitive men. Then there was the commanding dignity of his presence: men might describe him as homely, but when stirred, when in the heat and passion of forensic effort, his features lighted up with a strange beauty. And there was his honesty of statement, of motive, of method, so that courts and juries believed what he said, and this, with that baffling power of the great personality, made him the ideal jury lawyer.—From "Abraham Lincoln," by Brand Whitlock.

SUDDEN SMILES

BY LANGDON LENOX

THE LAUGHTER OF LINCOLN.

ON July 22, 1863, Abraham Lincoln called a Cabinet meeting. When Secretary Chase, the first to arrive, entered the room he was surprised, not to find Lincoln reading a book, but to find what book it was that Lincoln was reading.

"Chase, did you ever read this book?" asked the President. "What book is it?" inquired Chase. "It is a volume of Artemus Ward," was the reply.

With the moments big with destiny Lincoln was spending his time reading the Mark Twain of the period.

"Let me read you this chapter entitled 'Wax Wurx in Albany,'" said Lincoln. So Chase sat down and Lincoln began reading the book. The other members of the Cabinet drifted in, but Lincoln read on, his face wreathed in smiles.

The impatience of the Cabinet members finally became acute. In a brusque voice Secretary Stanton broke in upon the reading, saying that if there was any business to be transacted he would like to have it attended to at once, as he was in a great hurry.

Lincoln quietly laid down the book, opened a drawer in his desk, took out a paper, and said,—"Gentlemen, I have called you together to notify you of what I have determined to do. I want no advice; nothing can change my mind."

He unfolded the paper and read it. It was the Emancipation Proclamation. The document remained unaltered, with the exception of a few minor details of phraseology.

The meeting closed and one by one the Cabinet members left the room. Secretary

Chase, the first to come, was the last to go.

As he closed the door he turned and looked back. Lincoln had taken up the book and was deep in the mirth provoking volume "Wax Wurx in Albany." With his feet on the desk, his fingers running through his hair and smiles rippling across his face, the lanky rail splitter from Illinois was absorbing sunshine from the latest side splitter from the pen of Artemus Ward.

After the Emancipator—America's man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—climbed the ladder from the Kentucky log cabin to the White House he found relaxation from the high tension of terrific events in reading books that soothed like sedatives. Strung up to a high pitch by the nervous strain of war problems, the aunt, ungainly Lincoln maintained the sense of humor which saved his overtaxed nerves from snapping like broken threads.

Lincoln's supreme purpose was to save the Union, and his sense of humor helped him to do it by enabling him to see the laughable side even of disaster. The capacity for discerning the ridiculous was the ballast that kept him from losing his reason in the midst of war's storm and fury.

For every cloud Lincoln showed folks a star, and for every shadow he substituted a sunbeam.

But he was not a mere funny man, endowed with a sense of the comic and animated by no higher purpose than a Don Quixotic knight of nonsense. Lincoln's humor was not the slapstick comedy of the circus clown or the stage buffoon. He was

not a mere court jester elevated by a trick of fate to the President's chair.

Lincoln's priceless heritage to the American people was not a collection of stories bound into a joke book, but a piece of paper which put an end to two forms of slavery. The Emancipation Proclamation ended physical slavery among the whites, for, as Emerson said, "The man who owns a slave is one."

Lincoln has gone down in history, not as a story teller, but as a chain breaker. The world will little note nor long remember the Lincoln stories. It will never forget the deathless lines of the Gettysburg address, in which Lincoln immortalized the doctrines for which men died in the civil war.

Lincoln's humor was not an end in itself, but a means to the larger end of saving the Union. And it was not the humor of the fool, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot; nor the sarcastic humor which cracks like withering lightning released from a summer cloud; nor the thoughtless humor of the thoughtless man who seeks to raise a laugh and make capital out of the misfortunes or afflictions of others. Lincoln had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a mother, and so his laughter left no sting or scar behind. His humor was as genial and compassionate as sunshine.

Lincoln was a man of mirth, with malice toward none, and his good cheer radiated charity for all.

"And humor, pity, reverence—these noble three—

Are Lincoln's gospel for the brave and free."

N.Y. Telegram 2-12-19

"It is much more important to remember what Lincoln said than the tone of voice in which he said it," comments Isaac R. Diller, referring to the pitch of Lincoln's voice—a discussion that was occasioned recently by an article in a Chicago paper.

William P. Carey, dean of Lincoln College of Law of Springfield sent the article to Mr. Diller, asking his opinion on the subject.

The writer in the Chicago paper had said he had never heard anyone describe Lincoln's voice, nor had he read such a description. Mr. Carey, in writing to Mr. Diller, pointed out that at least one biographer, Edgar Lee Masters, describes Lincoln's voice as high or shrill.

"I know you to be one of the few living men who heard that voice, and will surely recall it," the dean of the law school told Mr. Diller.

In his answer to Mr. Carey, Mr. Diller compared himself to the old colored fellow who when asked if he could change a five dollar bill, replied, "I hasn't the money, but thank you for the compliment."

"People often make the mistake," Mr. Diller wrote, "that I knew Lincoln. I plead guilty to the fact that I am the only living person ever taken in a picture with him, and also saw him four times while alive, which I remember distinctly. I cannot claim the honor of having 'known him.'"

"As far as his voice was concerned, I never heard it but once when he passed our



house with his two younger boys, who were both crying.

"My father called to him, 'Mr. Lincoln, what is the matter with the boys?'"

"He stopped and replied, 'Mr. Diller, just what is the matter with the whole world. I have three walnuts and they each want two.'"

"As you wrote, I also thought everybody had heard that his voice was high pitched, but very clear and far reaching.

"Several years ago Col. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg at a meeting of the State Historical society, gave his recollection of Lincoln's Gettysburg address in as nearly as he could the same tones as delivered on that memorable occasion. He sat on the platform just behind him and Colonel Carr was a remarkable mimic. That was a treat I have never forgotten . . .

"During the preparations for the Lincoln centennial in 1909 I wrote to Charles D. Arnold, who lived just across Jackson street from the Lincoln home, for some recollections of Lincoln.

"While he lived so near he said he saw very little of Mr. Lincoln as he was away so much on the circuit . . . but one of the incidents he gave was a speech he heard Lincoln deliver in the hall of representatives in the old state house during the excitement over the Kansas-Nebraska bill. I quote as follows:

"But the only thing that I now remember was the peculiar gesture that he used when enforcing an important point in his speech. It was a vigorous and repeated bending forward of the whole body in a series of rapid and forceful motions until the climax was reached . . ."

Mr. Diller quoted more of Arnold's description of the speech on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and told of the effect of Lincoln's Gettysburg address on the audience at that battlefield.

But he more than sums up all discussions of how Lincoln talked when he said it was more important to remember what the emancipator said, than how he said it.

LINCOLN ANECDOTES TOLD BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

Opening Installment Of Famous Wit and Lawyer's Autobiography Relates Incidents Connected With Civil War Celebrities.

New York, Oct. 25.—Chauncey M. Depew, former United States Senator, in the opening installment of "Leaves from My Autobiography," in the forthcoming November issue of Scribner's Magazine, tells some new anecdotes of Lincoln and the men who were associated with him in the Government during the Civil War.

Mr. Depew writes of a visit he paid to Washington in 1863, when he was Secretary of State for New York, during which he had an interview with Lincoln.

"When we were alone," writes Mr. Depew, "he threw himself wearily on a lounge and was evidently greatly exhausted. Then he indulged, rocking backward and forward, in a reminiscent review of different crises in his administration and how he had met them. In nearly every instance he had carried his point, and either captured or beaten his adversaries by a story so apt, so on all fours, and with such complete answers that the controversy was over."

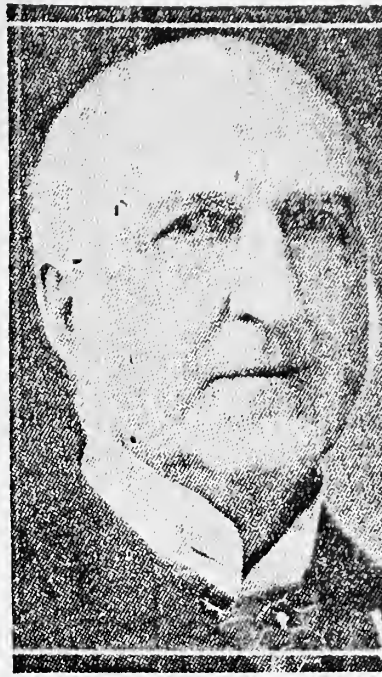
All Present Wondered.

Lincoln was always on the lookout for a good yarn, although, he told Depew, he never "invented" one. One night there was a reception in the Executive Mansion. Rufus C. Andrews, Surveyor of the Port of New York and a confidential adviser of the President on New York affairs, attended the reception with Mr. Depew. As the procession of handshakers moved past Lincoln stopped Andrews and, leaning over, spoke very confidentially to him, delaying the ceremonies for some time.

Momentous issues were impending. Lincoln was in the midst of the campaign for renomination; his Cabinet was inharmonious; the war was on and decisive battles were about to be fought. Newspapermen and politicians buttonholed Andrews on his return to his hotel. Mr. Depew writes:

"Andrews made a great mystery of his confidential conversation with Lincoln, and so did the press. He explained to me when we were alone that during his visit to the President the night before he had told Mr. Lincoln a new story. The President delayed him at the reception, saying, 'Andrews, I forgot the point of that story you told me last night; repeat it now.'"

"I am accused of telling a great



Chauncey M. Depew.

many stories," Mr. Depew quotes Lincoln. "They say it lowers the dignity of the Presidential office, but I have found that plain people (repeating with emphasis plain people), take them as you find them, are more easily influenced by a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypercritical few may think I don't care."

Referring to Lincoln's adroitness in handling men and his personal humility, Mr. Depew said:

"No President ever had a Cabinet of which the members were so independent, had so large individual followings, and were so inharmonious. The President's sole ambition was to secure the ablest men in the country for the departments which he assigned to them, without regard to their loyalty to himself. One of Mr. Seward's secretaries would frequently report to me the acts of disloyalty or personal hostility on the part of Mr. Chase with the lament: 'The old man—meaning Lincoln—knows all about it and will not do a thing.'"

Followed Vanderbilt's Advice.

Mr. Depew tells how he started on a business career that finally brought him to the presidency of the New York Central Railroad. He had just been nominated and confirmed as United States Minister to Japan at \$7500 a year "and an outfit of \$9000." At the same time he had been offered the attorneyship for the New York and Harlem Railroad at less salary. When he told Commodore Vanderbilt about it, the Commodore remarked: "Railroads are the career for a young man; there is nothing in politics. Don't be a damned fool."

That decided him and the result was that on January 1, 1921, Mr. Depew "rounded out 55 years in the railway service of this corporation and its allied lines."

Lincoln and the Police Officer.

One night during the Civil War, while the loyal part of the city of Washington was greatly excited by rumors, there was a free fight near the old National Theatre. An officer, seeing what was going on, raised his voice and commanded peace. The fighting stopped for a moment; then one of the leaders, a notorious bully, pushed back the officer and ordered him to begone, or he would whip him. The officer advanced upon the bully, and said, "I arrest you." At the word the man struck a fearful blow at the officer's face.

The officer parried the blow, and the next instant struck the fellow under the chin and knocked him senseless. His neck seemed to be broken, and a surgeon, who was hastily called, pronounced the case a critical one, and ordered the man taken to a hospital. There the surgeons said there was concussion of the brain, and that the man would die.

The policeman was in great distress of mind, and after seeing that everything possible had been done for the injured man, he betook himself to the White House. He was on terms of intimacy with President Lincoln, it appears, and though it was by this time two o'clock in the morning, he woke the President and requested him to come into his office.

Mr. Lincoln listened to the officer's story with great interest. Then he asked a few questions, and finally said:

"I am sorry you had to kill the man; but these are times of war, and a great many men deserve killing. This man, according to your story, is one of them; so give yourself no uneasiness about the matter. I will stand by you."

"It isn't that," answered the officer. "That isn't why I came to you. I knew I did my duty, and had no fears of your disapproval. But I felt so sorry over the affair that I wanted to talk to you about it."

Mr. Lincoln saw how deeply the man was affected, and answered him accordingly, laying his hand on his shoulder as he spoke.

"Well, go home now and get some sleep," he said. "But let me give you a piece of advice: hereafter, when you have occasion to strike a man, don't hit him with your fist. Strike him with a club, or a crowbar, or something that won't kill him."

The officer went home, but not to sleep, says Mr. Lamon, from whose "Recollections" we have extracted the story. The tragedy had produced too great an effect upon him. But he never forgot Mr. Lincoln's kindness, a kindness of which he must have had many previous experiences, or he would hardly have called the President of the United States out of bed in the middle of the night to make him a confidant and sympathizer.

Ward Lamon, when Lincoln had appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia, accidentally found himself in a street fight, and, in restoring peace, he struck one of the belligerents with his fist, a weapon with which he was notoriously familiar. The blow was a harder one than Lamon intended, for the fellow was knocked senseless, taken up unconscious, and lay for some hours on the border of life and death. Lamon was alarmed, and the next morning reported the affair to the President. "I am astonished at you, Ward," said Mr. Lincoln; "you ought to have known better. Hereafter, when you have to hit a man, use a club, and not your fist."

From Uncle Nick's Scrapbook.

*"Although his heart
was as big as the world,
there wasn't room in it
to remember a single
wrong."—(Said of Lincoln).*

Lincoln and the Constitution

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. J. HARRY MCGREGOR

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 6, 1941

ESSAY BY LOUISE BRIGGS, OF MANS-
FIELD, OHIO

Mr. MCGREGOR. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I place in the RECORD an essay on Lincoln and the Constitution, by Louise Briggs, of Mansfield, Ohio, one of the winners of the essay contest sponsored by the American Legion of the State of Ohio. I am happy to say that the young lady lives in my congressional district.

The essay follows:

Abraham Lincoln was outstanding among those who made our Constitution the bulwark of American civilization. In those tumultuous times, when the chief topic of interest was that of slavery, Abraham Lincoln took over the reigns of our Government. Disagreeing factions were led to open violence because of the heated discussions of this topic. President Lincoln, the sturdy, humble champion of the underdog, could not stand idly by and see all of his ideals and convictions being trampled under the feet of tyrants. Such conditions could not be tolerated.

"All men are created free and equal"—on the foundation of this theory our Constitution and Government were built. Lincoln had no desire for personal wealth and popularity. His chief concern was for legislation that would benefit his friends, the common people.

There were strict constructionists who defined anything that was not specifically stated as being ethical by the Constitution. There was at that time nothing in the order of constitutional law favoring the Negro. Neither was there anything stating that he was not free and equal with a white person. Had he not been purchased by his masters? Was he not their property? Did not the Constitution say that the Union would protect a citizen's property? These were questions asked again and again. All this led to serious controversy and a threatened break between States.

The result, as we all know, was that South Carolina seceded from the Union. Six States within as many weeks followed her leadership. The act was termed unconstitutional by the northerners, while the southerners contended that it was their right and privilege. This brought to light the greatest defect of the Constitution, the inadequate definition of States' rights.

The great Civil War settled many questions; slavery was abolished; personal rights were defined; and the Federal Government was given precedence over State government, thus establishing governmental prestige between States and maintaining world prestige. The first steps to the realization of Abraham Lincoln's convictions had been attained.

But this was only the first step. He must yet do something to have these people made secure in their new-found freedom. In the face of a dissenting cabinet, he presented his proposed constitutional amendments to Congress. These were accepted and the former slaves were made lawful citizens with the right to vote. Had Mr. Lincoln's ideals been fully realized? We will never know, for he

died shortly after from the wounds of an assassin's bullet.

A worthy man had been foresighted enough to see what would happen if immediate steps were not taken to knit the country more closely together. He set aside his own welfare and gave his life that we, the reapers of the fruits of the seed he sowed, might have something of which we could be duly proud; something that we could revere and hold sacred. He and the people who gave their lives gave us a heritage that has made ours the most beautiful and agreeable land in the entire world.

The Constitution for which Lincoln fought so desperately is now the stronghold of our Nation. Without it we could not stand in these dark, foreboding days of war, hatred, and destruction.

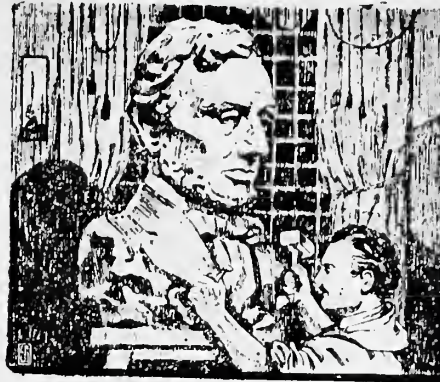
Truly we owe to our ancestors all the support that we can give to the protection of this document that was their ideal and guiding light in the establishment of a Nation unsurpassed in all the world in liberty, justice, and equality.

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Further Recollections of President Lincoln.

One of the last stories, if not the very last told by President Lincoln, was to one of his cabinet who came to see him, to ask if it would be proper to permit Jake Thompson to slip through Maine in disguise and embark from Portland. The President, as usual, was disposed to be merciful and to permit the arch-rebel to pass unmolested, but the secretary urged that he should be arrested as a traitor. 'By permitting him to escape the the penalties of treason,' persistently remarked the secretary, 'you sanction it.' 'Well,' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'let me tell you a story. There was an Irish soldier here last summer who wanted something to drink stronger than water, and stopped at a drug shop, where he espied a soda fountain. 'Mr. Doctor,' said he, 'give me please a glass of soda water, and if yes can put in a few drops of whisky unbeknown to meself, I'll be obleeged.' 'Now,' continued Mr. Lincoln, 'if Jake Thompson is permitted to go through Maine unbeknown to meself, what's the harm. So don't have him arrested.'

While seeing the sights of New York in one of Mr. Lincoln's visits in 1860, at one place he met an Illinois acquaintance of former years, to whom he said in his dry, good-natured way: 'Well, B., how have you fared since you left Illinois?' To which B. replied: 'I have made \$100,000 and lost all; how is it with you, Mr. Lincoln?' 'Oh, very well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I have the cottage at Springfield and about \$8000 in money. If they make me vice-president with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to \$20,000, and that is as much as any man ought to want.'

When Mr. Lincoln received the news of his first election, he came home to tell Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was up stairs in the bedroom, and after telling the news, in walking about the room, his eye fell upon the bureau glass. Immediately he threw himself down upon the lounge, and told Mrs. Lincoln he thought he must be ill, for he saw a second reflection of his face in the glass which he could not account for. It was perfect, but very pale. 'Oh,' said Mrs. Lincoln, 'that means that you will be re-elected—but I don't like its looking pale,' she added; that looks as if you would not live through your second term.' Mr. Lincoln himself told this to a friend, who told it again, soon after the first Bull Run battle. Was it not singular?



As the sculptor's skillfully wielded maul and chisel transform the block of marble into the likeness of that glorious American, who, from an humble railsplitter, rose to be the chief executive of a nation of freemen, so did Honest Abe utilize his inherent qualities of heart and mind to give to his every thought, word and action a soulreaching quality that aroused a devotion time has only intensified.

We propose, under this explanatory heading, to submit monthly, some yarn, an excerpt from a Lincoln address or a historical sketch that will deepen the love and reverence the name of Lincoln invokes in every American heart.

JUDGE LINCOLN

Handwriting of Abraham Lincoln on the docket of the Dewitt County Court for 1855, recently found, proves Lincoln was a judge for a day.

Rules then provided when a judge granted a change of venue, or desired to vacate, he might call any lawyer to sit. Judge David Davis chose Lincoln. The trial was an appeal from a horse trade decision by a justice of the peace.

Photographic plates of Lincoln's entry are owned by Attorney L. E. Stone of Springfield, Ills. Parties were Levi Davenport against Jesse Stout, and Lincoln's entry is "October term, A. D. 1855, 3rd day. Trial by jury and verdict for pliff for \$27.00. Motion for new trial entered and allowed."

The above noted historical fact explodes the prevailing erroneous opinion that while Lincoln was judged by thousands, he never sat in judgment upon any of his fellow men.

"OUR BEST"

Lincoln said, "I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day as each day came."

What better motto could we adopt than to do each day our best, not worrying about what the next day may bring to us. This is hard, we realize, but we will be more happy as the result.

When we think of the wonderful amount of good accomplished by Lincoln we cannot help but feel he "practiced what he preached," which we all know is very hard at times, for it is much easier to tell others what to do than to do it ourselves.

Let us enter into a covenant with one another to do our very best each day, to speak the pleasant words, to do the kindly deed, to make at least one person more happy and if accidentally we have hurt someone's feelings let us be willing to acknowledge our error and exercise more care in the future. "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."—Muncie Masonic Review.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLASS ON OBEDIENCE TO LAW

(From address by the Hon. Harry S. Hargrave, Hillsboro, during the discussion of the Igoe-Daley Bill on the floor of the Illinois House.)

Mr. Speaker and Fellow Members of the House:

There is an old story of a conversation on the streets of Springfield between the two men whose portraits grace the walls of this assembly room.

They were conversing upon the street when a man appeared who had lingered too long at the bar. Douglas said, "Abe, there is one of your good Republicans." Lincoln immediately stated that the man was a Democrat and as they could not agree they approached the man and told him of their conversation and that they had agreed that he should settle the question, when he replied: "Douglas is right, I am a Republican but I have Democratic symptoms."

If that belief still prevails it is high time for someone on this side of the aisle to arise in defense of the true situation.

We all admire the gentleman from Cook for his kindly disposition, his alert and well-stored mind, his eloquence and his ability to make an argument to suit the case. Just how serious he would have us believe he is in this matter I do not know, but from the argument I feel I would prefer to follow the legal advice of Judge Stone who said, "When Crime has dared the Law to combat upon any field, let the fight be without quarter until Law stands Supreme Master of the Field," and to quote from an authority, who my friends across the aisle will accept, I will read the following from Warren G. Harding, President of these United States:

"In every community men and women have had an opportunity now to know what prohibition means. They know that debts are more promptly paid, that men take home the wages that once were wasted in saloons; that families are better clothed and fed, and more money finds its way into the savings banks. The liquor traffic was destructive of much that was most precious in American life. In the face of so much evidence on that point what conscientious man would want to let his own selfish desires influence him to vote to bring it back? In another generation I believe that liquor will have disappeared not merely from our politics, but from our memories."

It seems to me that any man who would violate or advocate the viola-

tion of law is unsafe to re-write that law. Does the gentleman advocate the repeal of the law against robbery because bank robberies have become more numerous than in former years?

Men who are most active for the repeal of this law are those who hope to profit from the traffic, but the innkeeper who violated every law of God and man drove the saloon from our land and wrote the Eighteenth Amendment in our Constitution from which no article has ever been repealed.

While this question involves the repealing of a law, its meaning and effect are far-reaching. It is the cry of those who want no law to curb their personal desires.

After a life of great activity Stephen A. Douglas had inscribed upon his tomb as the best judgment of that life the words, "Tell my children to uphold the Constitution and obey the law."

Lincoln said on this subject: "Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violations by others. As the patriots of Seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and the laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor.

"Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his fathers and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for law be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice."

AMONG THE WOUNDED

As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. Stopping the carriers he knelt and bending over him asked: "What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"Oh you will do nothing for me," he replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her." Mr. Lincoln in tears, his voice full of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave his good-bye words without reserve.

The President directed them copied, and ordered that they be sent that night, with a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines.

An Anecdote of Mr. Lincoln.

In his speech at the Merchant's Banquet to the Odd Fellows, in Baltimore, Mr. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, related the following incident:

By his request I accompanied President Lincoln, immediately after the battle of Antietam, to the scene of that sanguinary conflict. After passing over the Baltimore and Ohio road from Washington to Harper's Ferry, I continued with him, by his desire, during the memorable period he spent with the officers and soldiers of the Federal army, and among the hospitals and the wounded upon that bloody field.

As in accord with the spirit of your fraternity, I will mention a scene which occurred in one of those hospitals which bedewed many eyes. The President examined, kindly and tenderly, into the condition and care of the Federal wounded. He also passed through the hospitals where were placed the Confederate wounded. Many of these hospitals, in view of the large number of the wounded, were improvised from the barns upon and in the vicinity of the field of battle. Passing through one of these, the middle space of an extensive Switzer barn, where a large number of Confederate wounded lay, the President stopped about the

centre of the apartment, opposite a youth of striking appearance, probably of eighteen or twenty years of age. He lay looking very feeble and pallid. He held three straws in his hand, and was feebly moving them to keep the insects from his face. The President asked "if he had received all necessary attention?" He replied that "he had—that his right leg had been amputated." The President responded: "I trust you will get well." The youth—great tears rolling from his eyes, said: "No; I am sinking; I shall die." The President leaned tenderly over him, and said: "Will you shake hands with me?" I remarked: "This is President Lincoln." He attempted to raise his hand, and give it to the President. The President asked him: "Where are you from?" "From Georgia." Again the President expressed the hope, still holding his hand, that he would recover. "No," said the youth, "I shall never see my mother again—I shall die."

The President still held his hand, and fervently ejaculated, while he wept, and his tears mingled with those of the sufferer, "May God bless you, and restore you to your mother and your home." Amid all the sad scenes of that field of carnage, coming forth from that sanctified spot, I said, "Mr. President, such kindness will make missionaries of good will of the soldiers who return South to their homes." The President then expressed his wishes generally to those accompanying him, that all the wounded and all the sufferers should be kindly treated, and, in the course of conversation thereafter, expressed sanguine hopes that at an early day, instead of such scenes of suffering, scenes of concord and good feeling, and a restored Union, would be speedily realized.

White Collar Girl

There's Difference Between Work and a Love for Work

BY RUTH MacKAY

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a young man, he possessed a love of learning, tho not of work. To his first employers who complained of his youthful laziness, he is reported to have said: "My father taught me to work but he never taught me to love it."

Some years later his attitude towards man and his labor in this world took on a sterner cast. To his brother who wanted to sell his farm and move to Missouri, Lincoln wrote:

"If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place will do you no good."

Another letter penned by hand on ruled stationery with the heading, "Executive Mansion," was written to Major Ramsey, Oct. 17, 1861. It read:

"My dear sir: The lady bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Put them at it if possible—wanting to work is so rare an event that it should be encouraged. Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

Then the General Sat Down

DURING one of the many controversies between President Lincoln and General McClellan, the general arose in anger and asked: "Sir, do you think me a fool?"

Lincoln calmly replied: "No, but then I might be mistaken."

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; self-blame

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June 1 - 1933
Week by Week WEEK BY

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

Lincoln's Own Stories

An editorial in the New York Tribune, opposing Lincoln's renomination, is said to have had called out from him the following story:

"A traveler on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunder storm came up to add to his trouble. He floundered along until his horse at length gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clue to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crash the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point: 'O Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise!'"

When the time came along in the spring of 1864 for nominations to be made for the Presidential office by the Republican party, Fremont was prominently mentioned by a few of the malcontents, and vociferousness gave color to a support that subsequent events proved he did not have. John T. Morse, Jr., in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" tells the following story:

"At Cleveland on the appointed day the 'mass convention' assembled, only the mass was wanting. It nominated Fremont for the Presidency and Gen. John Cochrane for the Vice Presidency; and thus again the Constitution was ignored by these malcontents, for both these gentlemen were citizens of New York, and therefore the important delegation from that State could lawfully vote for only one of them. Really the best result which the convention achieved was that

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it called forth a bit of wit from the President. Some one remarked to him that, instead of the expected thousands, only about four hundred persons had assembled. He turned to the Bible, which, say Nicolay and Hay, 'commonly lay on his desk,' and read the verse: 'And every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men.'"

About a fortnight before the convention in 1861 Colonel McClure, to relieve Lincoln's anxiety, showed him that a majority of the delegates were for him:

"Well, McClure," he replied, "what you say seems unanswerable, but I don't quite forget that I was nominated for President in a convention that was two-thirds for the other fellow."

"The convention came on; he was unanimously renominated. A short time after the convention, I returned to Washington. When I called to see the president, and he was shown in, I saw at once the twinkle in his eye, and as I approached him he said, 'Colonel, do you remember that you told me, when here before, that everybody about Congress seemed to be against me?' I replied that I did. He said that that situation reminded him of two Irishmen who came to America and started out through the county on foot to secure work. They came to some woods, and as they passed along they heard a strange noise. They did not know what it was. So they hunted about, but could find nothing. Finally, one said to the other, 'Pat! Pat! Let's go on; this phing is nothing but a damned noise.' Lincoln said that the opposition to him was nothing but a noise."

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

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Lincoln's Own Stories

"There is but one contingency that can cause your defeat for a second term," one of Lincoln's friends said to him in 1863, "and that is Grant's capture of Richmond and his nomination as an opposing candidate."

"Well," replied Mr. Lincoln shrewdly, "I feel very much about that as the man felt who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

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He laughed at Senator Mason, who, on account of this sectional warfare, wore homespun to avoid buying goods of Northern manufacture. Mr. Lincoln said, "To carry out this idea he ought to go barefoot. If that's the plan, they should begin at the foundation and adopt the well-known 'Georgia costume' of shirt-collar and a pair of spurs."

Book 16, p. 27-1933

11. 1. 1864. 1. 2. 1. 133
A friend discovered the President one day counting greenbacks. "The President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or the laws," said Mr. Lincoln. "This is one of them. This money belongs to a negro porter in the Treasury Department who is now in the hospital so sick that he cannot sign his name. According to his wish I amputting a part of it aside in an envelope, labeled, to save it for him."

Lincoln's Own Stories

His receptions he called his "public-opinion baths." he said he came out of them with a renewed sense of his official obligations. "No hours of my day are better employed than those which bring me again within the direct contact and the atmosphere of the average of our whole people." he said, and added that they help "to renew in me a clearer and more vivid image of that great popular assemblage out of which I sprang and to which I must return." This is pure democracy, and certainly a patriotic interpretation of public duty.

Wash. Post, 29-1934

But he knew how to be correct in deportment when he deemed that occasion required it. A man who was present once when Charles Sumner called, has described the manner in which Lincoln received that self-conscious statesman. He dropped his long legs from the arm of the chair in which he was slouching at ease, rose and saluted with studied dignity his imposing caller, who carried a cane and was arrayed in a brown coat and fancy waistcoat, checked lavender trousers, and a striking pair of spats. After the Senator had gone Lincoln again relaxed, with the remark, "When with the Romans we must do as the Romans do."

He had a soft spot in his heart for the wounded soldiers who were incapacitated for duty, or, for that matter, for any

kind of usefulness, as this message to the Senate will prove:

"Yesterday little indorsements of mine went to you in two cases of postmaster-ships sought for widows whose husbands have fallen in the battles of this war. These cases occurring on the same day brought me to reflect more attentively than I had before done as to what is fairly due from us here in the dispensing of patronage to the men who, by fighting our battles, bear the chief burden of saving our country. My conclusion is that, other claims and qualifications being equal, they have the better right; and this is especially applicable to the disabled soldier and the deceased soldier's family." *Wm. W. Brewster 3/25/33*

Apr. 29 - 1933

Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts called at the White House early one morning. He was told that the President was down-stairs, that he could go right down. He found the President polishing his boots. Somewhat amazed, Senator Sumner said, "Why, Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" With a vigorous rub of the brush, the President replied, "Whose boots did you think I blacked?"

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

While Lincoln was always very patient he often adopted droll methods of getting rid of bores. The late Justice Carter of the supreme court of the District of Columbia used to relate an incident of a Philadelphia man who called at the White House so frequently, and took up so much of the President's time, that the latter finally lost his patience. One day when the gentleman was particularly verbose and persistent, and refused to leave, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Lincoln arose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the cabinet chamber and took a bottle from a shelf. Looking gravely at his visitor, whose head was very bald, he remarked:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well, remarked Lincoln, "I advise you to try it, and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The astonished Philadelphian left the room instantly without a word, carrying the bottle in his hand, and Judge Carter, coming in with the next delegation, found the President doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy. Before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.

3/25/33

"Soon after the opening of Congress, the Hon. Mr. Shannon made the customary call," writes Carpenter, the artist, "at the White House. In the conversation that ensued Mr. Shannon said, 'Mr. President, I met an old friend of yours in California last summer, a Mr. Campbell, who had a good deal to say about your Springfield life.' 'Ah!' returned Mr. Lincoln, 'I am glad to hear of him. Campbell used to be a dry fellow in those days,' he continued. 'For a time he was secretary of state. One day during the legislative vacation a meek, cadaverous-looking man, with a white neck-cloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and, stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the Hall of Representatives, he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield. 'May I ask,' said the secretary, 'what is to be the subject of your lecture?' 'Certainly,' was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. 'The course I wish to deliver is on the second coming of our Lord.' 'It is of no use,' said Co.; 'if you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion, if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will never come the second time!'"

at the White House 3/25/83

When the Republican convention of 1860 was about to be held in Chicago, Seward stayed at home in Auburn. When

Lincoln was asked whether he would go to the Chicago convention, he replied, quaintly, "I am a little too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away; but upon the whole I believe I will not go." *week by week 1/17, 33*

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The President once related an incident that had occurred at Decatur when the Illinois Republicans named him as their choice for the Presidency. An old Democrat from "Egypt," as southern Illinois was called, approached Mr. Lincoln and said, "So you're Abe Lincoln?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"They say you're a self-made man."

"Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made."

"Well, all I've got to say," observed the old man, after a careful survey of the Republican candidate, "is that it was a d—d bad job." *Went by W. L. 1/14/33*

Mr. Lincoln, being asked by a friend
how he felt when the returns came in
that insured his defeat for the Senate,
replied that he felt, he supposed, very
much like the stripling who had stumped
his toe—too badly to laugh and too big
to cry. W. L. G. 1/14/33

THE DOUGLAS DEBATES

On one occasion some of Lincoln's friends were talking of the diminutive stature of Stephen A. Douglas, and an argument as to the proper length of a man's legs. During the discussion Lincoln came in, and it was agreed that the question should be referred to him for decision.

"Well," said he reflectively, "I should think a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground." *well by well 1/33*

When it became an assured fact that he was elected, the President-elect got ready for his eastward journey, and he and Mrs. Lincoln paid a brief visit to Chicago, where his wife bought a silk dress for the inaugural ceremonies. When they got home, and were unpacking their purchases, Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, wife, there is one thing very likely to come out of this scrape, anyhow. We are going to have some new clothes." 1/14/33

During the sitting of the Chicago convention Lincoln had been trying, in one way or another, to keep down the excitement which was pent up within him by amusing himself and telling stories. When the news actually reached him he was in the editorial office of the Journal. He got up at once and allowed a little crowd to shake hands with him mechanically, then said:

"I reckon there's a little woman down at our house that would like to hear the news," and he started with rapid strides for home. *Went by wife*

4/4/3 3

It cannot be charged that Mr. Lincoln was a husband to grace fashionable society. He hated clothing of all sorts, and it was his habit, on reaching his office or his home, to take off his boots, as he naively expressed it, "to allow his feet to breathe," and very often he would receive the friends of his wife at the door in his shirt-sleeves. He was a thoroughly informal man. At the time of the Chicago visit just referred to, a prominent lady called by appointment to see Mrs. Lincoln. He received the caller and, apologizing for his wife's tardiness, explained that she would be down "as soon as she got all her trotting harness on."

W. H. Lytle

"The Democrats must vote to hold the Union now," he once said, referring to

the political situation, "without bothering whether we or the Southern men got things where they are. And we must make it easy for them to do this, for we cannot live through the case without them."

He then told about the Illinois man who was chased by a fierce bull in a pasture, and, dodging around a tree, caught the tail of the pursuing beast. After pawing the earth for a time the bull broke away on a run, snorting at every jump, while the man clinging to its tail cried out, "Darn you, who commenced this fuss?" A remarkably clear view of the case. *Went by week 3/4/33*

A Western Senator who had failed of a re-election brought his successor, one day, and introduced him to the President. Lincoln, in reply, expressed his gratification at making the acquaintance of a new Senator. "Yet," he added, "I hate to have old friends like Senator W— go away. And, another thing, I usually find that a Senator or Representative out of business is a sort of lame duck. He has to be provided for." When the two gentlemen had withdrawn I took the liberty of saying that Mr. W—did not seem to relish that remark. Weeks after, when I had forgotten the circumstance, the President said, "You thought I was almost rude to Senator W— the other day. Well, now he wants Commissioner Dole's place!" Mr. Dole was then Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Week by week 3/4/33

Could any (even a professional) wag take off the swagger of a certain New Jersey Congressman better than this? He called on the President with two of his constituents, in order to see Lincoln as they would a show. "Mr. President," said he, "this is Mr. X and Mr. Y, and they are among the weightiest men in Southern New Jersey." After they had gone Lincoln said, "I wonder that end of the State didn't tip up when they got off it."

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AT THE WHITE HOUSE

It is said that Lincoln very seldom invented a story. Once he said: "You speak of Lincoln stories. I don't think that is a correct phrase. I don't make the stories mine by telling them. I'm a tail dealer." *W. H. R. 1867*

3/11/33

late Chief Justice Carter of the District of Columbia, once called upon Lincoln with a party of politicians to secure the appointment of a gentleman who was opposed by the Senators from his state. Lincoln suggested that they ought to get the Senators on their side. They replied that, owing to local complications, such a thing was impossible. Lincoln retorted that nothing was impossible in politics; that the peculiarities of the Senator referred to were well known, and that by the use of a little tact and diplomacy he might be brought around, in which case there would be no doubt about the appointment. To clinch his argument, Lincoln told a story of James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tennessee. Quarles, he said, was trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested; whereupon the defense produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said: "Why didn't you get that feller to swar on your side?"

"I didn't know anything about him," said the friend, "for he would swar for you jest as hard as he'd swar for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that feller takes swarin' for a livin'."

Wash. by W. W. 3/11/33

Anthony J. Bleecker tells his experi-

ence in applying for a position under Mr. Lincoln. The President requested him to read his vouchers. Before Bleecker got half through the President cried out, "Oh, stop! You are like the man who killed the dog." "In what respect?" said Bleecker, not feeling particularly flattered by the comparison. Mr. Lincoln replied: "He had a vicious animal which he determined to dispatch, and accordingly knocked out its brains with a club. He continued striking the dog until a friend stayed his hand, exclaiming, 'You needn't strike him any more—the dog is dead; you killed him at the first blow.' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'I know that; but I believe in punishment afterwards.' So, I see, do you."

Mr. Bleecker acknowledged that it was possible to do too much sometimes, and he in his turn told an anecdote of a good priest who converted an Indian from heathenism to Christianity; the only difficulty he had with him was to get him to pray for his enemies. "The Indian had been taught by his father to overcome and destroy them. 'That,' said the priest, 'may be the Indian's creed, but it is not the doctrine of Christianity or the Bible. St. Paul distinctly says, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.''" The Indian shook his head at this and seemed dejected; but when the priest added, 'For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,' the poor convert was overcome with emotion, fell on his knees, and with outstretched hands and uplifted eyes invoked all sorts of blessings on his adversary's head, supplicating for pleasant hunting grounds, a large supply of squaws, lots of papooses, and all other Indian comforts, till the good priest interrupted him (as you did me), exclaiming, 'Stop, my son! You have discharged your Christian duty, and have done more than enough.' 'Oh no, Father,' says the Indian, 'let me pray! I want to burn him down to the stump!'"

Mr. Bleecker got the job.

and by week 3/1/32

On one occasion, when Lincoln and Douglas were "stumping" the State of Illinois together as political opponents, Douglas, who had the first speech, remarked that in early life his father, who he said was an excellent cooper by trade, apprenticed him out to learn the cabinet business.

This was too good for Lincoln to let pass, so when his turn came to reply he said:

I had understood before that Mr. Douglas had been bound out to learn the cabinet-making business, which is all well enough, but I was not aware until now that his father was a cooper. I am certain, also, that he was a very good one, for (here Lincoln gently bowed toward Douglas) he has made one of the best whisky casks I have ever seen."

As Douglas was a short, heavy-set man, and occasionally imbibed, the pith of the joke was all at once apparent, and most heartily enjoyed by all.

W. L. G.

THE DOUGLAS DEBATES

In one of the Douglas debates he said that the judge ascribed some things to him by "mere burlesques on the art and name of argument—by such fantastic arrangements of words as prove horse-chestnuts to be chestnut horses."

W. W. L. Week 1-7/3 3

He did not believe in making voters of negroes—probably not at that stage of public opinion, for he said, "There is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on social and political equality. However," he continued, "in the right to put into his mouth the bread that his own hands have earned, the negro is

the peer of Judge Douglas or any other man." WEEK BY WEEK 1/7/33

Colonel Lamon describes Douglas as always traveling in a special train decorated with banners and flags and accompanied by a brass band and an army of retainers. Lincoln, on the other hand, went by the ordinary train and oft-times by freight, and Lincoln had to use his great powers of persuasion. Much depended on the politics of the conductor. "Mr. Lincoln and I," Lamon writes in his Life of Lincoln, "with other friends, were traveling in the caboose of a freight train, when we were switched off the main track to allow a special train to pass in which Mr. Lincoln's more aristocratic rival was being conveyed. The passing train was decorated with banners and flags and carried a band of music which was playing, 'Hail to the Chief!' As the train whistled past, Mr. Lincoln broke out into a fit of laughter, and said, 'Boys, the gentlemen in that car evidently smelt no royalty in our carriage.'" 1/7/33

Major Whitney tells an interesting incident of the debate:

"Lincoln and I were at the Centralia agricultural fair the day after the debate at Jonesboro. Night came on and we were tired, having been on the fair grounds all day. We were to go north on the Illinois Central railroad. The train was due at midnight, and the depot was full of people. I managed to get a chair for Lincoln in the office of the superintendent of the railroad, but small politicians would intrude so that he could scarcely get a moment's sleep. The train came and was instantly filled. I got a seat near the door for Lincoln and myself. He was worn out and he had to meet Douglas the next day at Charleston. An empty car, called the saloon car, was hitched to the rear of the train and locked up. I asked the conductor, who knew Lincoln and myself well—we were both attorneys of the road—if Lincoln could not ride in that car; that he was

exhausted and needed rest; but the conductor refused. I afterward got him in by stratagem. At the same time, George B. McClellan in person (then vice-president of the road) was taking Douglas around in a special car and a special train; and that was the unjust treatment Lincoln got from the Illinois Central railroad."

Speaking of the success of Judge Douglas and his own failure, he gave utterance to this noble sentiment: "I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than to wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow." wuk by wuk 1/7/33

Lincoln once commended on Douglas's position with regard to the extension of slavery into the Territories as follows:

"The Judge holds that a thing may be lawfully driven away from a place where it has a lawful right to be." 11/7/33
Wood. by W. L. L.

Another epigram, this speaking of Douglas's joint debates:

"Explanations explanatory of things explained."

His wonderful grasp of the political situation and of the slavery question is excellently illustrated in the following, from one of his speeches in the Douglas debate:

"The sum of pro-slavery theology seems to be this: 'Slavery is not universally right, nor yet universally wrong; it is better for some people to be slaves; and, in such cases, it is the will of God that they be such.' Certainly there is no contending against the will of God; but still there is some difficulty in ascertaining and applying it to particular cases. For instance, well suppose the Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is, 'Is it the will of God that Sambo shall remain a slave, or be set free?' The Almighty gives no audible answer to the question, and His revelation, the Bible, gives none—or at most none but such that admits a squabble as to His meaning; no one thinks of asking Sambo's opinion on it. So at last it comes to this, that Dr. Ross is to decide the question; and while he considers it he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hands and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If

he decides that God wills Sambo to continue a slave, he thereby retains his own comfortable position; but if he decides that God willed Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves, and delve for his own bread. Will Dr. Ross be actuated by the perfect impartiality which have ever been considered most favorable to correct decisions?"

1/7/33

What is believed to be a new story of

President Lincoln is told by Adlai E. Stevenson:

"Several months before President Lincoln issued the great Proclamation of Emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America, my friend, Senator Henderson of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, 'with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn, they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come.'

"Just as he said this he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the light of the window-pane, every line of it and of his gracious face expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighten with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson,' he remarked, 'was in a log school house when reading-books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time in the chapter, the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abed-nego. Instantly the hand of the

master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into snuffles, and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail which even alarmed the master, who with rather unusual gentleness inquired:

"What's the matter now?"

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

"Look there, marster—there comes them same damn three fellers again."

"Then his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania Avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson, and Thaddeus Stevens." *ask him if it's 5/20/33*

When, in 1863, Maryland was carried by the Emancipationists, and the legislature adopted a resolution creating a convention that should embody a law providing for a policy of emancipation, and the convention was elected by a majority of thirteen, there was a great jubilation in Washington, and a body of Marylanders called on the President to congratulate him and the country upon the enlistment of Maryland among the free states. Lincoln made a short speech, and later on said in private: "I would rather have Maryland upon that issue than have a State twice its size upon the Presidential issue. It cleans up a piece of ground." Any one who has had any experience with cleaning up a piece of ground, digging up the roots and stumps as Lincoln had, will appreciate the simile. *John A. B. Lincoln*

Lincoln's Own Stories

Some women called upon him and urged him to abolish slavery at once. This course of action was contrary to his views of political expediency, and when the speaker proceeded to tell him that he (Lincoln) had been appointed minister of the Lord and should follow the example of Deborah, he made the following reply, "Madam, have you finished?" Having received an affirmative reply, he said, "I have neither time nor disposition to enter into argument with you, and would end this discussion by suggestion for your consideration the question whether, if it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work you have indicated, it is not probable He would have communicated knowledge of that fact to me as well as to you."

1858, 5/20/33

A well-known literary man was praising Lincoln at a dinner in New York. "Lincoln," said he, "could not stand tedious writing in others. He once condemned for its tediousness a Greek history, whereupon a diplomat took him to task. 'The author of that history, Mr. President,' he said, 'is one of the profoundest scholars of the age. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our generation has plunged more deeply in the sacred fount of learning.' 'Yes, or come up drier,' said Lincoln. 5 553

His moral honesty was like unto one of the prophets of old. When his friends urged him not to make his famous "house divided against itself" speech, he said: "Friends, the time has come when these sentiments should be uttered, and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked with the truth."

To the replies of his critics that he had over thrown his chances of victory and had ruined the opportunities of his party he said, "If I had to draw a pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerased."

ruin by wreck 8/13/33

Gen. O. O. Howard is responsible for this:

"In the first speech I ever saw of Mr. Lincoln's he said, 'Many free countries have lost their liberties, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest boast not that I was the last to desert, but that I never, never deserted her.' That was valor." 5/13/33

W. C. C. W. C. C.

From a reply to an invitation to attend a festival in honor of the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday:

"I remember once being much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their coats on, which fight, after a long and harmless contest, resulted in each having fought himself out of his coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two of the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men." 5/17/33

much - by much

"The Wade and Davis matter troubles me little," said Lincoln to a friend. "Indeed, I feel a good deal about it as the old man did about his cheese when his very smart boy found, by the aid of a microscope, that it was full of maggots. 'Oh, father!' exclaimed the boy, 'how can you eat such stuff? Just look in here and see 'em wriggle.' The old man took another Mouthful, and putting his teeth into it, replied grimly 'Let 'em wriggle.'"

CCCCC Ref. 111 R 5/1/83

Lincoln once told the telegraph operators in the War Department that the concise phraseology of the official dispatches reminded him of the story of a Scotch girl who, on her way to market one morning, while fording a stream, was accosted by a countryman on the bank. "Good morning, my lassie," said he. "How deep's the brook, and what's the price of eggs?" "Knee-deep and a sixpense!" answered the little maid without looking up. 1862 6-11-63 5/13/33

Lincoln's Own Stories

In 1864 five six-footers, accompanied by two representatives, called on the President and were introduced to him. These six-footers seemed to astonish Lincoln, who, after a careful survey, exclaimed, "Are they all from your State?"

"All."

"Why, it seems to me," said the President, glancing at the short Representatives, "that your State always sends her little men to Congress." 5/13/33

A telegram from Philadelphia was once received, setting forth that some one had been arrested there for obtaining fifteen hundred dollars on Mr. Lincoln's name.

"What," said Mr. Lincoln, "fifteen hundred dollars on my name! I have given no one authority for such a draft, and if I had," he added, half humorously, "it is surprising that any man could get the money."

"Do you remember, Mr. President, a request from a stranger a few days ago for your autograph, and that you gave it to him on a half-sheet of note paper?" said Mr. Nicolay. "The scoundrel doubtless forged an order above your signature and has attempted to swindle somebody."

"Oh, that's the trick, is it?" said the President.

"What shall be done with him? Have you any orders to give?" inquired the Secretary.

"Well," said the President slowly, "I don't see but that he will have to sit on the blister bench." *with a good one*

5/13/33

Early in life he had formed the habit
of rising with the sun. One morning at
six o'clock a passer-by saw him at the
White House gateway. "Good morning,"
the President said. "I am looking for a
newsboy. When you get to the corner I
wish you would send one this way." 1/3/33
by wire

The simplicity and democracy of the lives of the President and Mrs. Lincoln may be well illustrated by the following anecdotes:

They lived their lives simply, and their servants followed the free and easy examples set before them. One of them once interrupted an important conference by opening the president's door and saying, "She wants you." "Yes, yes," Lincoln replied, without showing the least sign of annoyance. But as the President did not appear, the servant again broke in, and with greater emphasis repeated, "I say, she wants you."

Another instance indicating their freedom from ritual of all kinds is the following. A man once called on Sunday morning by appointment, and, after repeatedly ringing the door-bell and receiving no response, entered the White House unannounced and walked up-stairs, looking vainly for a servant, until he finally came to the door of the President's room, at which he knocked. "Oh," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "the boys are all out this morning." 5/13/33
the boy was in

Here is an incident told by Arnold that illustrates the kindly disposition of Lincoln. One summer's day, walking along the shaded path leading from the executive mansion to the war office, I saw the tall, awkward form of the President seated on the grass under a tree. A wounded soldier, seeking back-pay and a pension, had met the President, and having recognized him, asked his counsel. Lincoln sat down, examined the papers of the soldier, and told him what to do—sent him to the proper bureau with a note which secured prompt attention.

~~rec'd by~~ 5/13/33

Wells by week

"Friday, Feb. 19, 1864.—As I went into the Cabinet meeting, a fair, plump lady came forward and insisted she must see the President only for a moment—wanted nothing. I made the request known to the President, who directed that she be admitted. She said her name was Holmes, that she belonged in Dubuque, Iowa, was passing east, and came from Baltimore expressly to have a look at President Lincoln. "Well, in the matter of looking at one another," said the President, laughing 'I have altogether the advantage.'"—Diary of Gideon Welles. 5/13/33

Lincoln's Own Stories

Lincoln had a *genious* for terseness.
Never a wasted word and every word
packed with meaning. Here is his defi-
nition of wealth. To him it was, as he
once said, "simply a superfluity of things
we don't need." *5/13/33*

Riding at one time through a Virginian wood, he made the following observation about a luxuriant vine which wrapped itself about a tree: "Yes, that is very beautiful; but that vine is like certain habits of men; it decorates the ruin it makes." Speaking of the difference between character and reputation, he said: "Character was like a tree, and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree was the real thing." *kept by W. S. L. 5/13/33*

The Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's second term, was once announced with a delegation of New York bankers. As the party filed into the room he preceded them, and said to the President, in a low voice:

"These gentlemen from New York have come on to see the Secretary of the Treasury about our new loan. As bankers they are obliged to hold our national securities. I can couch for their patriotism and loyalty, for, as the good Book says, 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

To which Mr. Lincoln quickly replied: "There is another text, Mr. McCulloch, I remember, that might equally apply: 'Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

Allen
333

was in
This entry appears in Welles's Diary
under date of May 26, 1863:

"There was a sharp controversy between Chase and Blair on the subject of the fugitive-slave law, as attempted to be executed on one Hall here, in the district. Both were earnest: Blair for executing the law, Chase for permitting the man to enter the service of the United States instead of being remanded into slavery. The President said that this was one of the questions that always embarrassed him. It reminded him of a

man in Illinois who was in debt and terribly annoyed by a pressing creditor, until finally the debtor assumed to be crazy whenever the creditor broached the subject. 'I,' said the President, 'have on more than one occasion in this room, when beset by extremists on this question, been compelled to appear to be very mad. I think,' he continued, 'none of you will ever dispose of this subject without getting mad.'

There was something more than humor in this—unless wisdom itself is to be regarded as a department of humor. Probably Lincoln intended to use the word "mad" here in both its dictionary sense—as meaning insane—and the American colloquial sense—as meaning angry. Slavery was legal, and the return of fugitive slaves was called for under a decision of the Supreme Court. It took a certain amount of frenzy, joined with much righteous wrath, to cut the knot. If the American nation, typified in the great war President, had not got "mad" in both ways, slavery would certainly not have been done away with when it was. 6/3/33

Lincoln's Own Stories

"I would save the Union," he wrote to Horace Greeley. "I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could, at the same time, destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views."

6/3/33

Wish by Wish
Toward the end of 1862 the Cabinet crisis reached a climax, and a Senate committee urged the President to reconstruct his Cabinet. However, he valued Seward and Chase too highly to part with them, and he met the situation in his own shrewd way. After it was all over, he said, referring to the interview: "While they seemed to believe in my honesty, they appeared to think that when I had in me any good purpose or intention Seward contrived to suck it out of me unperceived."

Without going into details, it is familiar history that the final result of the complaint was that both Seward and Chase resigned. Thus armed, Lincoln was in a position to satisfy both wings of the party. "Now I can ride, for I have a pumpkin in each bag," he shrewdly expressed it. Later he said wisely, in summing up the situation: "If I had yielded to that storm and dismissed Seward, the thing would all have slumped over one way, and we should have been left with a scanty handful of supporters. When Chase gave in his resignation, I saw the game was in my hands, and I put it through." 4/15, 33

After his great triumph in New York he spoke in many New England towns. Probably the greatest tribute to his powers as a speaker was paid by a professor at Yale College who observed with much admiration the fine structure of his speech. The professor took notes of the speech, and held it up before his class the

next day as a model of English composition. He followed Lincoln to a neighboring city, that he might again sit at the feet of this master, self taught in the mother-tongue. 4/5/33

Mark Twain
When he came to New York early in the sixties he went to hear Henry Ward Beecher, and afterward visited Five Points, then a most notorious slum. He was called upon to address the children and his homely and kindly talk so pleased them that when he stopped they cried, "Go on," "Oh, do go on." As he was leaving the room the teacher asked him his name.

"Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois," he answered simply, and added nothing more. 7/15/83

Lincoln's Own Stories

make his work
Colonel Lamont in his "Recollections" tells this: A certain Washington police officer, who it seems was on intimate terms with the President, had accidentally killed a rough while making his arrest, and, though it was two o'clock in the morning, repaired at once to the White House, and requested Lincoln to come into his office. Mr. Lincoln heard his story, and observed that he had only done his duty. "It isn't that," answered the officer; "I know I did my duty, but I felt so badly over the affair that I wanted to talk to you about it." "Well," answered Lincoln, "go home now and get some sleep, but the next time you hit a man, don't hit with your fist. Hit him with a club or a crowbar, or something that won't kill him." 4/15/33

~~week to week~~
That Lincoln's philosophy was too shrewd and sane, for him to countenance the effect rising up against the cause is proved anew by the following story from the Boston Post. The Hon. Alexander H. Rice once paid a visit to President Lincoln on behalf of a Boston boy who had been imprisoned for robbing his employer's letters.

After reading the petition, signed by many citizens of Boston, the President stretched himself in his chair, and asked Mr. Rice if he had met a man going down-stairs.

"Yes, Mr. President," replied Mr. Rice.

"His errand," said the President, "was to get a man pardoned out of the penitentiary; and now you have come to get a boy out of jail."

Then, with characteristic humor, Mr. Lincoln continued: "I'll tell you what it is, we must abolish these courts, or they will be the death of us. I thought it bad enough that they put so many men in the penitentiary for me to get out; but if they have now begun on the boys and the jails, and have roped you into the delivery, let's after them!"

"They deserve the worst fate," he went on, "because, according to the evidence that comes to me, they pick out the

very best men and send them to the penitentiary; and this present petition shows they are playing the same game on the boys and sending them all to jail.

"The man that you met on the stairs affirmed that his friend in the penitentiary is a most exemplary citizen, and Massachusetts must be a happy State if her boys out of jail are as virtuous as this one appears to be who is in.

"Yes, down with the courts and deliverance to their victims, and then we can have some peace!" *may 27-1923*

Lincoln's Own Stories

week by week May 27/1933
Once when a deputation visited him and urged emancipation before he was ready, he argued that he could not enforce it, and, to illustrate, asked them:

"How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" They answered "Five." "You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg don't make it so;" and that exhibited the fallacy of their position more than twenty syllogisms.

by truck 4/1/33

There was very little social life in the White House during the Lincoln administration. The President gave a few state dinners each year, such as were required by his official position, held a few public receptions to gratify the curiosity of the Washington people and strangers in the city, and gave one ball, which excited much criticism from the religious press and from unfriendly sources. It was represented as a heartless exhibition of frivolity in the midst of dying soldiers and a grief-stricken country, and some people even went so far as to declare the death of Willie Lincoln, about two weeks later, to be a judgment of God upon the President and Mrs. Lincoln for indulging in worldly amusements. These thoughtless writers did not know that during the reception, which was in honor of the diplomatic corps, the President and Mrs. Lincoln both slipped away from their guests to spend a moment at the bedside of their child who was so ill that the postponement of the entertainment was proposed, but vetoed by the President. The death of this lad was the greatest sorrow that ever fell upon the President's heart.

4/1/33
Lord Lyons, the British minister in Washington, once presented the President with an autograph letter from Queen Victoria announcing, as is the custom of European monarchs, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and added that whatever response the President would make he would immediately transmit. Mr. Lincoln responded by shaking the marriage announcement at the bachelor minister before him, saying, "Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

Wrote by Twelfth 4/1/33

For some men Lincoln had special uses, and his relations with them were limited to that narrow utility; for others his affinity was catholic. To an intimate who had mistakenly supposed that he placed much reliance on the counsels of David Davis, Judge of the Circuit Court, he explained away the error by this illustration. "They had side judges down in New Hampshire, and to show the folly of the system one who had been a side judge for twenty years said the only time

the chief judge ever^v consulted him was at the close of a long day's session, when he turned to the side judge and whispered, 'Don't your back ache?'" And Davis himself relates that Lincoln never consulted him but once or twice.

Week by week 4/1/33

Noah Brooks relates that when he had been at some pains, one day, to show the President how a California politician had been coerced into telling the truth without knowing it, Lincoln said it reminded him of a black barber in Illinois, notorious for lying, who, hearing some of his customers admiring the planet Jupiter, then shining in the evening sky, said: "Sho, I've seen that star afore. I seen him 'way down in Georgy." The President continued: "Like your California friend, he told the truth, but thought he was lying."

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Lincoln's Own Stories

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

"One evening the President brought a couple of friends into the 'state dining-room' to see my picture," relates Carpenter. "Something was said, in the conversation that ensued, that 'reminded' him of the following circumstance: 'Judge ——,' said he, 'held the strongest ideas of rigid government and close construction that I ever met. It was said of him, on one occasion, that he would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with!'"

Robert Dale Owen, the spiritualist, once read the President a long manuscript on an abstruse subject with which that rather erratic person loved to deal. Lincoln listened patiently until the author asked for his opinion, when he replied with a yawn:

"We'l, for those who like that sort of thing I should think it is just about the sort of thing they would like."

He had a rule for evading difficulties which was expressed in a homely remark to Mr. Seward, who jokingly remarked at a Cabinet meeting one day:

"Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy

crossing the other day."

"I don't remember," answered Lincoln, musingly, "but I think it very likely, for I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me I will for them. If I didn't, there would be a collision."

With his trunk

AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Apr 8-1933

The great public receptions, with their vast rushing multitudes pouring past him to shake hands, he rather enjoyed; they were not a disagreeable task to him and he seemed surprised when people commiserated him upon them. He would shake hands with thousands of people, seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, murmuring some monotonous salutation as they went by, his eye dim, his thoughts far withdrawn; then suddenly he would see some familiar face—his memory for faces was very good—and his eye would brighten and his whole form grow attentative; he would greet the visitor with a hearty grasp and a ringing word and dismiss him with a cheery laugh that filled the Blue Room with infectious good-nature. Many people armed themselves with an appropriate speech to be delivered on these occasions, but unless it was compressed into the smallest possible space it never was uttered; the crowd would jostle the peroration out of shape. If it were brief enough and hit the President's fancy, it generally received a swift answer. One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said, "Up our way we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," to which the President replied, shoving him along the line, "My friend, you are more than half right."



Checking Library Records

Illinois Secretary of State Paul Powell (left) checks the original register of the Illinois State Library which shows that Abraham Lincoln was the first borrower. With Powell are Wayne C. Temple (center), reference director, and archivist Theodore J. Casady. Powell is state librarian.

LINCOLN FIRST BORROWER FROM STATE LIBRARY

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 11 (UPI) — Abraham Lincoln was the first person to borrow a book from the Illinois State Library, Secretary of State Paul Powell said yesterday and it appears that Lincoln cheated a little.

Powell said that Lincoln signed the library register Dec. 16, 1842, with the name of his law partner, S. T. Logan, who was a member of the State Legislature and eligible to borrow books. Lincoln was not.

Powell said that one week after Lincoln was elected President in 1860 he checked out two volumes of "The Statesman's manual: President's Messages, Inaugural, Annual and Special."

He returned them five weeks later, well before his first inaugural address.

James Morgan tells, in his excellent Life, of Lincoln's freedom from the usual official vanity. He rather shrank from than counted the official title of Mr. President, and generally referred to his office as "this place," "since I have been in this place," or, "since I came here." Referring at one time to the apartment reserved in the Capitol for the Chief Magistrate, he called it "the room, you know, that they call the President's room." Once he pleaded with some old Illinois friends who addressed him as Mr. President, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette."

"I once knew," said Lincoln, "a sound churchman by the name of Brown, who was a member of a very sober and pious committee having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and undoubtedly could build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in.

"Can you build this bridge?" inquired the committee.

"Yes," replied Jones, 'or any other. I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.'

"The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend Jones. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man and so good an architect that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to—to—why, I believe it; but I feel bound to say that I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.'

"So," said Mr. Lincoln, "when politicians told me that the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy could be harmonized, why, I believed them, of course; but I always had my doubts about the 'abutement' on the other side."

Wash. by wire 7/29/33

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This is related by Gen. James Grant Wilson:

"Among several good things, the President told of a southern Illinois preacher who, in the course of his sermon, asserted that the Saviour was the only perfect man who had ever appeared in this world; also that there was no record, in the Bible or elsewhere, of any perfect woman having lived on the earth. Whereupon there arose in the rear of the church a persecuted-looking personage who, the parson having stopped speaking, said, 'I know a perfect woman, and I've heard of her every day for the last six years.' 'Who was she?' asked the minister. 'My husband's first wife,' replied the afflicted female."

Lincoln's Own Stories

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Once a friend complained to the President that a certain Cabinet officer was administering his office with unusual energy, in the hope of securing the Presidential nomination.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Lincoln, "that my brother and I were once plowing a field with a lazy horse, but at times he rushed across the field so fast that I could hardly keep up with him. At last I found an enormous chin-fly on him, and knocked it off. Now I am not going to make that mistake a second time. If the Secretary has a chin-fly on him I am not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go."

WEEK *Apr 29 - 1933*

War maps hung on the walls of his office, and his table was covered so deep with papers that it was not always possible for him to find room to rest his hand while signing his name to a document. "I am like the Patagonians," he said with a laugh, once, as he hunted for a place he could write. "You know they live off oysters, and throw the shells out of the window. When the pile of shells grows so high as to shut in the window, they simply move and build a new house."

THEY PLAYED MARBLES.

One Street Game In Which Lincoln Took a Hand.

An elderly gentleman now residing in Washington tells this story about Abraham Lincoln: 1514

"I was about ten years of age and given violently to the game of marbles. One cold March day my companions and I were playing on the sidewalk before my father's shop when I slipped on a piece of ice and fell, cutting my chin. The other boys seized as many of my marbles as they could and made off. Wild with anger, I started after them, calling them names and threatening to annihilate them, and so on. Suddenly a hand on my collar stopped me, and a deep voice said:

"We've got enough ill feeling going on in this country these days without you boys catching it!"

"A big man swung me around and wiped my wounded chin and then went on:

"I saw what they did, son. Have you any agates left? Good! I'll put up three chiny alleys, and we'll see who'll win."

"He drew from his pocket three marbles.

"I got them from my boy Tad," he explained, and then I knew who he was.

"There on the street I played marbles with the president for five minutes, and he let me win. Here are the marbles — a precious possession!" — Exchange.

GOP Orators Won't Quote These Words

THIS country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it.

It is the old issue of property rights versus human rights . . . It is the eternal struggle between two principles. The one is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same spirit that says, "You toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it."

Thank God, we live under a system by which men have the right to strike.

There is an old saying that judges are just as honest as other men and not more so.

As a nation we began by declaring "All men are created equal." There was no mention of any exceptions to that rule in the Declaration of Independence.

When you begin qualifying freedom watch out for the consequences to you.

There can be no distinction in the definitions of liberty as between one section and another, one race and another, one class and another. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

It seems obvious to me that this nation was founded on the supposition that men have the right to protest, violently if need be, against authority that it is unjust or oppressive.

I shall gladly join any church at any time if its sole qualification for membership is obedience to the Savior's statement of law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

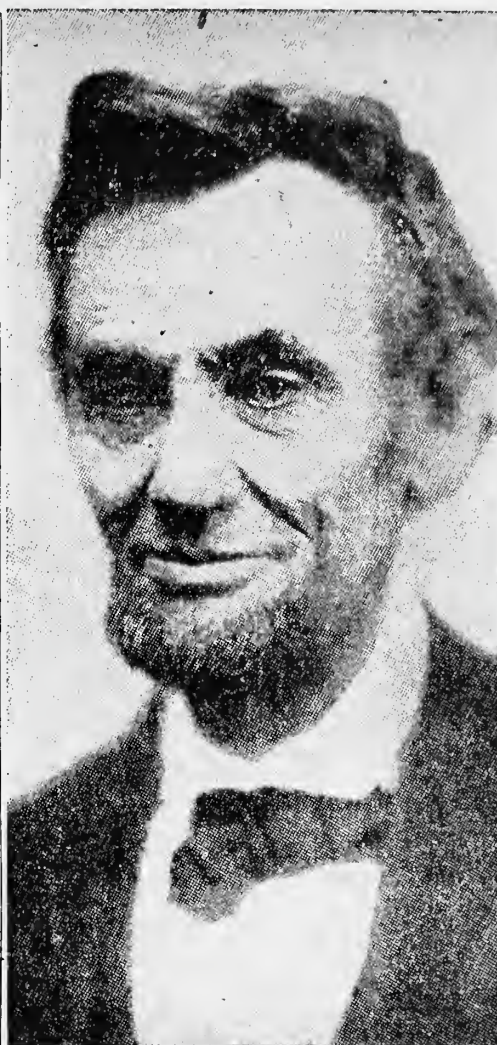
Any people anywhere being inclined and having the power have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right.

As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift the burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people.

I am glad to see that a system of labor pre-



Abraham Lincoln

vails under which laborers can strike when they want to.

True democracy makes no inquiry about the color of the skin, or place of nativity, or any other similar circumstances of condition. I regard, therefore, the exclusion of the colored people as a body as incompatible with true democratic principles.

I hold, if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, He would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if He had ever made another class that he intended should do all the work and none of the eating, He would have made them without mouths and all hands.

To secure for each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object for any good government.

A friend discovered the President one day counting greenbacks. "The President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or the laws," said Mr Lincoln. "This is one of them. This money belongs to a negro porter in the Treasury Department who is now in the hospital so sick that he can not sign his name. According to his wish, I am putting a part of it aside in an envelop, labeled, to save it for him."



WE are going to tell you how Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday was celebrated this month, settled a quarrel one time during Civil War days. It is a story which Marian and Ralph love to hear because when it was first told to them it helped them make up a little misunderstanding of their own. Perhaps it would be hard to find two children who love Lincoln more dearly than these little chums do. They know his face wherever they see it for they have spent long happy hours playing "sculptor" with soft clay for material and a beautiful bronze bust of Lincoln before them as a model. But now for the story, which happened long ago in war times.

The secretary of war was very, very angry with one of the generals, and he went to Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, to talk the matter over, and while he stormed about he said, "I would just like to write the general what I think of him." "Why don't you do it?" asked Lincoln. "Write it all down, do." So Mr. Stanton, the great secretary of war, went away and wrote his letter, and a very angry letter it was, too. And when it was written he took it to the President to see what he thought of it. Mr. Lincoln read it carefully all through, and nodded his head approvingly, and every once in a while he would say, "All right! Capital!" even though he knew that Mr. Stanton had said many things he did not really mean. But before he handed the letter back to the secretary of war, he asked this question, "By the way, Stanton, what are you going to do with the letter?" "Do with it!" exclaimed the astonished secretary of war. "Why send it to the general at once of course." "I wouldn't," said the President. "If I were you I would throw it in the waste basket." "But I have spent hours over that letter!" objected Mr. Stanton. "I know you have," said Mr. Lincoln, smiling. "And it did you ever so much good to write it. You feel better now. That is all that is necessary. Don't send it. Throw it in the waste basket." And into the waste basket it finally went, where all letters written in anger should go.

Second Sunday

FEBRUARY, 1909

2-25

LINCOLN AND THE QUAKER SERGEANT

Every Lincoln's Birthday brings out new Lincoln material worth having. This week we publish on another page an illuminating comment on the Cooper Union address by Major George Haven Putnam. Next week The Outlook will print a remarkable letter discovered and edited by Mr. Leigh M. Hodges. In it a Quaker sergeant tells how he saw and talked with Lincoln in the White House in 1863. Lincoln said to Senator Ben Wade: "Senator, we have had the head of the Army here. . . . Now we have here the tail of the Army, so let us get from him how the rank and file feel about matters." And he did!

Lord Charnwood, biographer of Lincoln, calls this previously unpublished letter "One of the most convincing and illuminating reminiscences of Lincoln I have yet seen."

A Lincoln Story

Back in the days when folks took their politics seriously, Abraham Lincoln addressed an Illinois county seat gathering in behalf of the newly-formed Republican party.

Four thousand people heard the speech. Lincoln talked from two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly sunset. As he ceased, and descended the platform, his audience gravely stepped aside to make an aisle down which Abe walked in stony silence. Not a cheer. Not a word. Not a sound.

When a few years later, as President of the United States, he sent a call for volunteers to join the union army, an overwhelming majority of these stolid, silent men marched to the recruiting office, and just as silently signed the roll.

Lincoln knew something that many of us have not yet learned. He knew that enthusiasm quickly aroused may as quickly disappear. The stolid, silent man may be harder to sell, but once you get his confidence, he is yours for keeps.

Don't underestimate the man who is slow to make up his mind. He is likely to be equally slow in unmaking it!

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

LINCOLN'S PROMISE

Once when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticized him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I mean no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln.—*Children's Friend*

Where the Whetstone Was

In 1834, when Lincoln was a candidate for the legislature, he called on a certain farmer to ask for his support. He found him in the hayfield, and was urging his cause when the dinner bell rang. The farmer invited him to dinner, but he declined politely, and added, "If you will let me have a scythe while you are gone, I will mow around the field a couple of times." When the farmer returned he found three rows very neatly mowed. The scythe lay against the gatepost, but Lincoln had disappeared.

Nearly thirty years afterwards, the farmer and his wife, now grown old, were at a White House reception, and stood waiting in line to shake hands with the President. When they got near him in line, Lincoln saw them and, calling an aide, told him to take them to one of the small parlors, where he would see them as soon as he got through the handshaking. Much surprised the old couple were led away. Presently Mr. Lincoln came in, and greeting them with an out stretched hand and a warm smile, called them by name.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the farmer, "that you remember me after all these years?"

"I certainly do," said the President, and he went on to recall the day when he had mowed around the farmer's timothy field.

"Yes, that's so," said the old man, still in astonishment. "I found the field mowed and the scythe leaning up against the gatepost, but I have always wanted to ask you, Mr. President, what you did with the whetstone."

Lincoln smoothed his hair back from his brow a moment in deep thought; then his face lighted up.

"Yes, I do remember now," he said; "I put the whetstone on top of the high gatepost."

And when he got back to Illinois again, the farmer found the whetstone on top of the gatepost, where it had lain for all those years.—Western Christian Advocate.

A Story Lincoln Told

Ex-Senator Cole of California vouched for this story, told by Lincoln:

"Old Squire Bagley, from Menard, came into my office one day and said: 'Abe, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?'"

"I told him no; whereupon the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said: 'Abe, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, me and Bob Thomas had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been a squire eight years and I've issued marriage licenses all the time.'"—
[Everybody's Magazine.

An Anecdote of Lincoln

It is customary to think of a President arriving in the Nation's Capital for his inauguration, being met by the excited populace and being given a rousing ovation and welcome, but such was not the fate to be enjoyed by Abraham Lincoln when he entered Washington to assume his Presidential duties. His journey to the capital was roundabout. He passed through most of the large northern cities and when he was in Philadelphia on February 22, he received letters from Seward and Scott advising that his published program of travel had changed, as there were serious threats of assassinating him when he passed through Baltimore. To this he refused to agree. "I cannot con-



"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

sent to it," he said. "What would the nation think of its President stealing into the capital like a thief in the night?" He went to Harrisburg that morning, and there it was agreed by his friends that it was needless to endanger his life and that he should go to Washington incognito during the coming night. Lincoln yielded, but he ever afterward regretted having done so. Colonel Scott, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, took entire charge of the project. He cut all the telegraph wires leading out of Harrisburg, and sent Lincoln with a single companion, Colonel Lamon, to Philadelphia to catch the night train to Washington. Everything went smoothly, and after the friends of Lincoln had spent a sleepless night at Harrisburg, the wires being repaired at daybreak, they received the cipher telegram previously agreed upon: "Plums delivered nuts safely," and Colonel Scott in joyful relief and excitement threw his hat into the air and shouted: "Lincoln is in Washington!"

FIRST TALK AFTER HIS NOMINATION

The telegram was received in the Journal office at Springfield. Immediately everybody wanted to shake his hand; and so long as he was willing, then continued to congratulate him.

"Gentlemen [with a twinkle in his eye]: You had better come up and shake my han' while you can; honors elevate some men, you know. . . . Well, gentlemen, there is a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am; and if you will excuse me, I will take it up to her and let her read it."

her read it."

Why Lincoln Helped a Bug.

President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had got on its back and lay on the walk, legs sprawtling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen, "do you know that if I had left that bug struggling there on his back I wouldn't have felt just right? I wanted to put him on his feet and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Lincoln's Love Story.

(Told to an acquaintance.)

Did you ever write out a story in your mind? I did when I was a little codger. One day a wagon with a lady, two girls, and a man, broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first I ever heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls; and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house I wrote out a story in my mind. I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on my horse, and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to the camp, and when we rode up we found it was the one we had left a few hours before, and we went in. The next night we tried it again, and the same thing happened--the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once; but I concluded it was not much of

a story. But I think that was the beginning of love with me.

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*"Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couples too,
this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine."*

[From "The Lincoln Year-Book," by J. T. Hobson, D.D. United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio.] *Walden 12.25*

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LINCOLN'S GLIMPSE OF WAR

When Lincoln was in the White House he told this story:

The only time he ever saw blood in this campaign was one morning when, marching up a little valley that makes into the Rock River bottom, to reinforce a squad of outposts that were thought to be in danger, they came upon the tent occupied by the other party just at sunrise. The men had neglected to place any guard at night, and had been slaughtered in their sleep. As the reinforcing party came up the slope on which the camp had been made, Lincoln saw them all lying with their heads toward the rising sun, and the round red spot that marked where they had been scalped gleamed more redly yet in the ruddy light of the sun. This scene years afterwards he recalled with a shudder.

SPANKED BY ABE LINCOLN.

Were you ever spanked by a President of the U. S.?

If so, would you be proud of it?

And had you been spanked by Abraham Lincoln would you care to confess that you were that old?

M. H. Dorgan, chief plumber of Stanford University, is happy in the fact that he knew Lincoln, is not ashamed of his age and confesses that he is proud of having felt the weight of the honorable Hoosier's hand.

In 1859, when Dorgan was 10 years of age, he kept a news stand in the old Tremont Hotel, Chicago, where Lincoln and his family were staying. He put a portion of his playing hours in with Robert Lincoln, who was the possessor of a pugilistic nature. The two boys fought, and Mrs. Lincoln surprised them when the battle was redhot.

Mrs. Lincoln apprised her husband

of the fracas, and he administered a sound spanking to each boy.

A few days later he was elected President of the U. S.

Dorgan felt morally certain that the trouncing he had received had something to do with the success of Mr. Lincoln at the polls, and he has all of his life been happy because he was spanked.

Mr. Dorgan, since the day of the spanking, has had considerable to do with prominent people.

Senator Stanford and his wife, who did so much from the seat of learning here were his friends. He went to school with Archbishop Montgomery of San Francisco, who died recently. He was identified with the work of Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago, and there were others of great prominence in his list of acquaintances.

CORGER

1-10-14 63

A COG IN THE WHEEL.

Mrs. Matthew P. Wood, a lady who has seen Lincoln many times and Douglas a few times, came to THE TIMES office yesterday to look over the compositions to which reference has been made in these columns. She had a new story of Lincoln—how, when he went down to Falmouth, Va., her husband, then master mechanic of the military railroads in that section, took him on a tour of inspection on Aquia Creek. It was dark, and the President stumbled and fell over a pile of coal.

"Oh, Mr. President, are you hurt?" cried one of the party, which consisted of Secretary Stanton, Minister Mercier of France, and several minor officials.

"No," replied Lincoln, dubiously, gathering himself up and rubbing his legs, "but I am sure I struck coal."

CONFER

Lincoln's Reason.

One afternoon when Lincoln was president word came to the war department from the provost marshal at Portland, Me., that Henry Jameson, the Confederate secret service agent, was on his way to New York, where he had engaged passage for England. The war department was at once all astir.

Charles A. Dana, then assistant secretary of war, received the message and hastened at once to consult with Secretary of War Stanton, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

"How do you advise me to act in this matter?" queried Dana.

"Arrest the man at once," was Stanton's reply; "but you had better see the president before you proceed further."

Dana went immediately to the White House. As he was a frequent visitor he was readily admitted to Lincoln's private room.

"What is it, Dana?" asked the president as the secretary came in.

Dana told about the incident and asked the president what ought to be done.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "you say Jameson will soon leave the country?"

"Yes, sir; he will escape within a few hours if nothing is done to stop him. My purpose is to arrest him."

"Well," was the president's reply, "when you have a white elephant on your hands and he's doing his level best to get away, why not leave him alone, Dana?"

And Jameson was let alone.

GREAT ABRAHAM AND HIS WAYS

Some Anecdotes, Incidents,
Sentiments and Verses for
the Day.

HIS BIG-HEARTEDNESS

A Little Story as Told by a
Springfield, Illinois, Lady.
His Boyhood.

THERE is no doubt that Abraham Lincoln endeared himself to most people with whom he came in contact. The very children knew him, when he lived in Springfield, Ill., for there were few among them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by his kindness to me when I was a little girl. I was going with a young friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch in my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"How big is the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big." And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little, old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. "Oh, ho," he cried; "wipe your eyes and come on quick." And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered the trunk and was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

COPIER

by Niles Jackson, Associated Press Writer

PHILIPPI, W. VA. (AP) - On June 3, 1861, the first land battle of the Civil War was fought here. Two days later two troops of crack cavalry galloped into this small village from different directions.

One troop wore gray uniforms, the other blue. The soldiers, unusually well disciplined, stationed themselves on either side of a covered bridge, lined the approach roads and waited. It was 5 p. m.

A half hour later two black coaches, escorted by respective blue and gray-clad troops, approached the bridge from opposite directions. The coaches, nearly identical with blinds drawn, were pulled by teams of four black stallions.

At the covered bridge the escorts dropped back and the coaches proceeded along, one from the north and the other from the south, until they met at the center.

Curious townfolk were told politely, but firmly, to stay in their homes. There was no wild cheering in this divided town, no Rebel yells, no Yankee hoots - only silence.

Thirty minutes after the two coaches had entered the bridge they headed back to their own lines, the cavalry falling in behind.

Why the secrecy of this meeting? Was it, as many said, a last minute effort by both North and South to reconcile the war already begun?

Did Abraham Lincoln, president of the Union, meet with Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, inside that Philippi Covered bridge on that hot June afternoon?

The only witnesses to that secret meeting were two young boys who were playing in the bridge when the troops approached. "Scared right out of their britches," they scampered up on the rafters and hid, too frightened to move.

Here is what one recalled many years later:

"I don't remember much of what happened after we clumb into the rafters. I was froze scared. I was like a cake of ice lying on that rafter and Shelt (the other youth) said he was like that too."

"As cold as I was from being afraid I distinctly recollect seeing a man get out of that surrey that come in from Webster-way (from the north). He was the tallest man I ever seed, for when he got out of the surrey and straightened up I thought his high stovepipe hat was going to knock me right off my rafter."

"Then he took off his hat and bent over and went through the braces between the lanes of the bridge and got into the other surrey. There was a lighted lantern in this surrey and when he opened the door I seed his, the tall man's face. He was awful ugly and had a fringe of whiskers around his jaw."

"After a while the tall man got out of the other man's surrey. His shoulders seemed to be slumped over as if he was powerful tired. I seed his face good and danged if he didn't look like he was going to cry."

"He sorter hesitated, then he looked into the surrey and said something about may God forgive our something or other and he hoped somebody would have mercy on somebody's soul or other."

"And then he turned back and slowly climbed into his own surrey."

The Great War resumed, but could it have been stopped?

Of whom did Lincoln later speak when he said to Secretary of State William Seward: "I humbled myself and my country before a proud and resolute man.. I can do no more. This war must go to its inevitable sad conclusion."

And what was the meaning behind President Davis' words when he spoke to General Robert E. Lee: "My mission was a failure, General. The minds of the North and the minds of the South can meet only one common ground - the battlefield."

